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POPE

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RAPE OF THE LOCK
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EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT
EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS

BY

GEORGE SOUTAR, M.A., LITT.D.

FORMERLY EXAMINER IN ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS EDINBURGH AND LONDON MCMI

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PREFACE.

This selection aims at being representative of Pope's work at the various stages of his career. For the purposes of the series of which the volume forms part, it was necessary to select the poems most generally interesting and to omit such as could not be presented without considerable excision.

In the Text it has not been considered advisable to preserve the author's indiscriminate use of capital letters, nor to retain his inconsistent orthography. Even from a philological point of view, genuine eighteenth-century peculiarities are of infinitesimal value.

In the biographical portion of the Introduction most stress has been laid on those facts of Pope's life which have an intimate connection with his work. Notwithstanding a vast amount of research, the history of a few episodes is still in an unsatisfactory state, more particularly the account of the poet's relations with Addison. It would be a real pleasure to accept evidence which would shorten the list of Pope's literary peccadillos, but I have followed Mr Courthope in

rejecting Dilke's ascription of the 'Narrative of the Frenzy of Mr John Dennis' to Steele instead of to Pope.

The many adaptations, allusions, and personalities in the poems have contributed to swell the Notes. Indebtedness to previous editors has been acknowledged when their original annotations have been quoted, but special mention ought to be made of help derived from the invaluable edition of Elwin and Courthope. It is hoped that careful verification, wherever possible, has secured accuracy in matters of fact. In matters critical and illustrative, freedom of judgment has been exercised; and in order to throw light on the poet's genius, and stimulate interest in his work as a whole, I have endeavoured to bear in mind his own excellent precept—

"Still with itself compared, his text peruse."

The portrait reproduced here is taken from the engraving of Richardson's painting which forms the frontispiece of volume i. of Elwin's 'Pope.' Permission to reproduce it has been kindly granted by Viscount Cobham, in whose possession the original painting is, and by Mr John Murray, publisher.

G. S.

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INTRODUCTION.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

On May 21, 1688, the year of the English Revolution, Alexander Pope was born in London. His father, also Alexander Pope, was a linen-draper, who early realised a competency. His mother was Edith Turner, a daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. Both parents were devout Roman Catholics, and to that faith the poet remained true, at least as far as outward profession goes, in spite of many inducements to change. The child was the idol of his indulgent parents, whom he in turn tenderly loved, and filial ingratitude has not to be added to the sum of his shortcomings. Of his earlier years there is little record. In all probability he was weakly from birth. We are told, however, that he was a child of a peculiarly sweet disposition, plump, and fresh of complexion until his twelfth year, when excessive application brought on curvature of the spine, and turned his life into what he himself has called "that long disease." Sir Joshua Reynolds, who saw him once, has described him as follows: "He was about four feet six high, very humpx POPE.

backed, and deformed. He had a very large and very fine eye, and a long handsome nose: his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which run across the cheeks were so strongly marked as to appear like small cords."

In those days to be the son of Catholic parents was to lie under many disabilities. A Catholic might enter neither a grammar-school nor a university. Little Pope was taught his letters by an aunt; writing he learned for himself by copying printed books. For a short time one Bannister, a priest, taught him Latin and Greek. At the age of nine he was sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Winchester. "The child is father of the man," and tradition says Pope wrote a satire on his master, was whipped, and removed. His next teacher was Thomas Deane, formerly an Oxford Fellow, then a non-juror, who had started a school in Marylebone. Deane's tuition proved a failure, and a few months under another priest brought Pope's schooldays to an early end. Then began a period of loose and desultory, if diligent, self-education, during which he read Latin and Greek, a little French, and possibly some Italian, working along the line of least resistance, and getting at the sense of an author with the minimum of inconvenience. Such methods do not make for exact scholarship, but neither do they necessarily, as they did in Pope's case, beget an unreasoning contempt for others, who, while they have no poetical genius, yet profit by more favourable opportunities. All the time he was an eager student of English poetry, Waller, Spenser, and Dryden being his favourite authors.

When Pope was about twelve years of age his father retired from business and went to live at Binfield, in Windsor Forest. By this time, probably, he had written his 'Ode to Solitude,' translations from Ovid and Statius, and some of his imitations of English poets, learning his versification, he tells us, almost wholly from Dryden. That he once saw Dryden may be true, that he got a shilling from him is probably a pretty myth. At the house of Sir William Trumbull, a former Secretary of State, he was introduced to Wycherley, who had won fame as a dramatist, and was now in his old age seeking fresh laurels. With him Pope corresponded from 1704 to 1710, when the friendship was broken. The cause is not clear. Pope professed that Wycherley took offence at his relentless criticism of his work. Through Wycherley he became known to William Walsh, a minor poet and a critic of note in his time, whom De Quincey in his own loud-sounding way has called "a sublime old blockhead." He advised Pope to make it his one study and aim to be a "correct" poet, but he did not live to watch his pupil's brilliant career along the narrow road.

Pope's first published work was the 'Pastorals,' which appeared in Tonson's Sixth Miscellany in May 1709. They were received with applause, and the foundations of Pope's fame were laid on an outworn convention. The poems are worthless, unless as an early specimen of his power of smooth versification. The composition of the 'Essay on Criticism' Pope at first assigned to the year 1709; afterwards, when his vanity had grown, he gave the date as 1707. At anyrate it was published anonymously in 1711. It

was not an immediate success, and, after the author's name became known, it called forth criticism of no timid kind. John Dennis, a man of learning, irritable by nature, and rendered more so by several failures in poetry, had been sharply satirised in the Essay. He immediately put forth a pamphlet in which he heaped abuse on Pope's character and person. Thus began the longest quarrel in Pope's life, a quarrel which has damned the name of Dennis to an unenviable immortality.

While resident at Binfield, Pope, when not in the company of his parents and elders, was much alone among his books or walking solitarily in the Forest. He was, however, on terms of intimacy with the Catholic families of the neighbourhood. Among these were the Blounts of Mapledurham, a widowed mother and two daughters—

"The fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown,"

With Teresa Pope afterwards quarrelled, but for Martha he seems to have had a real affection which lasted till his death. Of his early male friends two stand out prominent—Henry Cromwell, a writer of light verse, an airy critic, and a man-about-town, and John Caryll, a person of importance in the Catholic community, of marked uprightness and sound sense. Unfortunately his correspondence with these two does not give a clear reflection of Pope as a youth. They were much older than himself, so he wrote unnaturally to gain their applause. The curb was always on the colt.

Pope was introduced to London life by the experienced old rake Wycherley, who took him to Will's Coffee-house, which was still a meeting-place for wits, though Dryden's chair was vacant. Here he met Secretary Craggs, Gay, and Steele, the last of whom introduced him to Addison. In 1712 Addison, the acknowledged head of the literary Whigs, left Will's and established at Button's his "little senate," consisting for the most part of contributors to the 'Spectator.' With these Whigs Pope was for a time on the most friendly terms, and when Addison's 'Cato' was produced he contributed a Prologue. About the same time he met Charles Jervas, the portrait-painter, from whom he took lessons, but with little success. The two remained warm friends, and in one of the finest of his shorter Epistles Pope has, with genuine feeling, embalmed the memory of that early companionship:—

"Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away;
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art;
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend.

Alas! how little from the grave we claim! Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name."

Pope's place among contemporary writers was now fully recognised, but he never ceased to toil for fame. In 1711 Steele induced him to write an 'Ode for Music on St Cecilia's Day,' but the result proved that he had no lyrical talent. In 1712 he wrote the 'Messiah' and the 'Rape of the Lock,' the latter founded on an episode in London society. Lord Petre, a Catholic peer, had displayed his gallantry by cutting off a lock

of hair from the head of a beauty, Miss Arabella Fermor. To all appearance the lady was indignant, and the peace of two families was wrecked. Caryll, who was on friendly terms with both sides, appealed to Pope to write some trifle which might "laugh them together again." Pope consented, and the famous mock-heroic was the result. At first it consisted only of two cantos, but he added the supernatural machinery and published it in its enlarged form in 1714. Meantime, in 1713, there had appeared 'Windsor Forest,' an avowed imitation of Denham's 'Cooper's Hill.' In 1715 he published the 'Temple of Fame,' a loose rendering of part of Chaucer's 'House of Fame.' Most readers will be thankful that he did not lay sacrilegious hands on any of Chaucer's more elvish work. The year 1717 saw the publication of the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady' and 'Eloisa to Abelard,' pieces of splendid versification, and in rhetorical pathos sometimes almost perfect.

In 1716 Pope's father had removed to Chiswick for the convenience of the poet, who had often to be in London on literary business. Pope was now engaged on the central work of his life. Sir William Trumbull had suggested to him the task of translating Homer's 'Iliad.' Pope was diffident, as well he might; of his friends, some encouraged, others dissuaded him. But the prospect of the rich pecuniary harvest to be reaped from such an undertaking brought him to a decision. Lintot agreed to publish the work in six volumes. The first volume appeared in 1715, the fifth and sixth in 1720. It is not an accurate translation. Pope believed with Fuller that "a translator is a person in free

custody." Keeping to the general sense of the original, which he gained mostly from translations, he adds and omits at pleasure. He is careless of Homer's thought and manner alike. The work lacks Homer's artlessness and natural grandeur, but it has an artificial dignity and distinction of its own. It lacks Homer's music, which no English metre can possibly repreduce. "A pretty poem," said Bentley, "but you must not call it Homer." The same or worse might be said of every translation before and since. It is said to be popular still. There seems no reason why it should not always be so with the young. Healthy boys love heroic glow, magnanimous and patriotic speech, the splendours of battle, and these Pope's rhetoric can render. The 'Iliad' proved so successful that Pope proceeded with a translation of the 'Odyssey.' Twelve of the books were in a sense sublet to two versifiers, Fenton and Broome, who succeeded in catching the master's manner, but the 'Odyssey' proved much inferior to the 'Iliad.' For the two translations he received about £9000, a princely sum in those days.

After the death of his father in 1718 Pope took a lease of a villa at Twickenham. His position was now an enviable one. He was acknowledged as the premier poet of the nation. The linen-draper's son found him self on a footing of equality with the greatest in the land. At the same time he could boast of being

"Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir, or slave"-

no slight boast in that age. The Court was within his reach, and the Prince of Wales himself deigned to visit him. Statesmen, heroes of war, and famous men of

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letters became his visitors and companions — restless Bolingbroke, eccentric Peterborough, indolent Gay, witty Arbuthnot, disappointed Swift:—

"There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place;
There St John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul,
And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines."

True, gossip informs us that his hospitality was not profuse, that the "friendly bowl" was of the most modest capacity, that he fell asleep when the Prince of Wales talked about poetry. But St John, at least, could maintain his cheerfulness by drawing on his own perennial fountain of bubbling egotism, and the Prince's knowledge of poetry was extremely limited. When left alone the poet could amuse himself with landscapegardening and the ornamentation of his grotto. It might seem that for Pope everything was conspiring towards a time of quiet happiness, favourable to a purring benevolence and steady work for a surer immortality. But already he was beginning to find that "the life of a wit is a warfare upon earth."

The breach with Addison has been rendered famous by reason of the opportunity it gave Pope for delineating the satirical portrait of Atticus. When Pope told Addison of his design for the enlargement of the 'Rape of the Lock,' the latter disapproved of the change, saying that as it stood it was "a delicious little thing." The advice to let well alone is in general sound, but it did not prove so in this instance, and Pope ascribed it to jealousy. On the appearance of 'Cato' Dennis was loud in his criticisms, some of which were certainly not

Pope saw an opening for an attack on beside the mark. his old enemy under cover of a defence of Addison. He persuaded Lintot to get Dennis to publish his criticism. Dennis easily fell into the trap and rushed into print. Very soon there appeared 'The Narrative of Dr Robert Norris concerning the strange and deplorable Frenzy of Mr John Denn-, an officer of the Custom House,' by Pope. Addison, through Steele, informed Lintot that he disapproved of the treatment accorded to Dennis. Pope felt and remembered this rebuff. He was already no favourite with Addison's company of Whigs. He had contributed anonymously to the 'Guardian' several essays in which he ironically praised Philips' 'Pastorals' at the expense of his own. Philips is said to have hung up a birch-rod in Button's in readiness for the enemy. Pope took the hint and transferred himself to Will's. He was now in a state of mind to believe anything against Addison. Two days after the issue of the first volume of his 'Iliad' he received a copy of a translation of the first book by Tickell. Pope believed that Tickell had been instigated by Addison to become his rival, that Addison had remarked that Tickell's was the best translation that had ever appeared in any language, that Addison himself might have been the real author, that there was a deep conspiracy against him with Addison at the head. Yet the pair met afterwards on quite civil terms. It is a tangled one-sided affair, and the account of it comes mostly from Pope, who cannot be trusted. Probably Addison was jealous, and could not bear "a brother near the throne."

Now began the war with the dunces. Pope had been successful, and success made him more vain, more suspicious, more sensitive to criticism. Success also

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raised up enemies, and he was experiencing the truth of his own lines—

"Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true."

Pretending to be an indignant moralist dragging into the light "the common enemies of mankind," he prepared to gratify his contempt for dulness and scribblers in general, and his resentment for his personal enemies in particular. The great high priest of literature would turn the Muse "an engine on her foes." By 1725 the work must have been well advanced. In that year he published an edition of Shakespeare—an unsatisfactory work, as Pope lacked the necessary qualifications. Lewis Theobald criticised it in his 'Shakespeare Restored,' which was followed some years after by an edition of his own of great merit. Smarting under criticism which was entirely just, Pope resolved to make Theobald the hero of his satire. But in order to justify his savage onslaught he wrote an 'Essay on Bathos,' in one chapter of which he attacked many living writers. The bait took, and the dunces responded with a will. Then in 1728 the 'Dunciad' appeared anonymously, and with initials for names. In the following year it was published in a large edition, with full names and notes. Being afraid of prosecution, Pope induced three noblemen to become the nominal publishers. In 1742 a fourth book was added. dealing with theology and science. The work is witty, cruel, mean, sometimes coarse to beastliness, always amazingly clever. It is unique in English, and long may it remain so. It is melancholy to think that this is probably, everything considered, the masterpiece of the poet who was the glory of the English age of common-sense!

The momentary victory, worse than any defeat, was with Pope, but the war was not over, for dulness never dies. The whole world of hacks rose as one man against the arch-enemy. It shows how personal Pope's attack really was, that he could not refrain from inserting two lines directed against one of the most beautiful and smartest women in England then, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He had carried on an affected correspondence with her for some years, she had been his neighbour at Twickenham, but they had quarrelled. She retorted in a silly effusion called "A Pop upon Pope.' Dennis of course joined in the fray. Colley Cibber gave the poet a very bad time of it, and in return this mercurial creature, who could not have been dull however hard he had tried, supplanted Theobald as the hero of the 'Dunciad.' The contest went on for years, and in his defence Pope inspired the 'Grub Street Journal.' At this distance of time only the ludicrous side of the squabble strikes us, and it may be summed up in a sentence. They called Pope the son of a hatter, and he told them they were poor. It is the reductio ad absurdum of satire.

Aaron Hill, speaking of Pope's love of stratagem and finesse, inimitably termed it "a certain bladdery swell of management." The deceptions to which he stooped in order to secure the publication of his correspondence must be characterised more harshly. The painful and intricate story has been fully unfolded in Mr Dilke's 'Papers of a Critic.' It can be referred to here only in a few words. His correspondence with Cromwell

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had fallen into the hands of Curll, a piratical bokseller, who printed it in 1726. It was bad form for any gentleman to publish his own correspondence. Pope wished to publish and yet remain a gentleman. Assuming the name of P. T., and having as agent a certain R. S., after a long series of negotiations Pope induced Curll to print some letters. This done, Pope was forced to publish the whole, in order, as he said, to protect himself against this scoundrel Curll. In this authorised edition there were many letters written to Congreve, Wycherley, Addison, Steele, and other distinguished men, which showed Pope's character in the finest of lights. A century afterwards Mr Wentworth Dilke discovered copies of Pope's letters to Caryll which the latter had preserved. Caryll had died in 1736; the authorised edition came out in 1737. Now was revealed the fact that Pope had altered dates, changed and omitted many passages in these letters, and readdressed them to the men already mentioned. Even the memory of his friend Swift suffered for a time from Pope's vanity. The Dean, then in his dotage, had his correspondence with Pope published in Dublin. Pope pretended to feel aggrieved. We know now that this Dublin edition must have been printed from a volume sent to Swift anonymously by Pope. What Pope wrote to Nugent regarding Swift may be fitly applied to himself: "I think I can make no reflections upon this strange incident but what are truly melancholy, and humble the pride of human nature. . . . No decay of body is half so miserable."

It is more pleasant and more profitable to turn to the last period of Pope's poetical career, when he acknowledged Bolingbroke as his "guide, philosopher, and friend." This returned exile was now living at Dawley, quite near to Twickenham, and he was much in Pope's company. Sitting at the feet of this pretender, drinking in draughts of philosophy as shallow as clear, Pope cuts a pathetic little figure. To the end he spoke and wrote of him in language that sounds almost idolatrous. It is to Bolingbroke's influence that we owe the 'Essay on Man,' the four Epistles of which were published during the years 1733 and 1734. Its publication brought Pope another friend in the person of William Warburton, a ponderous divine, and, according to Mallet, "the most impudent man living." He wrote a long commentary on the Essay, and succeeded, to his own and the poet's satisfaction, in reconciling its teaching with orthodoxy. Pope was duly grateful, and Warburton threatened to supplant Bolingbroke in his favour. The Essay was intended as the first part of a great philosophical poem, which was to include, besides a great deal more, the 'Moral Essays.' These Ethic Epistles contain many lines of piquant satire, but the course of the argument in all is extremely loose. Most notable are the portraits of Timon, Wharton, the Man of Ross, and Atossa, and the description of the deathbed of the Duke of Buckingham.

The latest of his writings, with the exception of the 'Dunciad' in its new form (1742), were the 'Imitations of Horace.' To these the 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot' (1735) now stands as Prologue, while the Dialogues called 'Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-Eight' form the Epilogue. These pieces show the poet's genius at the very brightest. They are full of autobiographical interest. They reveal the mixed motives of his satire, and they also remind us that Pope, who was at first

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of no party, latterly attached himself to the faction of the Prince of Wales. Now and again in the 'Imitations' we see that his face is set down-hill, that he is living partly in the past. He strikes at corruption in high places, and his satire becomes that of a pessimistic patriot who fancies he sees

> "Old England's genius, rough with many a scar, Dragged in the dust."

Many of his enemies had written their last lampoon, and found early graves; his friends were falling around him. His mother had died in 1732, Gay in the same year, Arbuthnot in 1735, and Caryll in 1736. By 1741 Swift was worse than dead. He himself was now not well a day. But the brave little soul went on working almost to the last, revising and correcting, probably planning in the shadow. It is but just to remember that Pope had many tender places in his heart. His filial affection was altogether beautiful. His old teacher Deane, to whom he owed little or nothing, died living on Pope's bounty. To the ungrateful blackguard Savage he was more than good. Real merit in literature he was always ready to recognise. He praised the rising genius of Thomson. When Johnson's 'London' appeared, he bestirred himself on the author's behalf. On hearing of this, Johnson is said to have remarked, "Who would not be proud to have such a man as Pope so solicitous in inquiring about him?" Like the story of Dryden's shilling, the remark will serve to connect two dynasties in letters. In the spring of 1744 Pope was seized with asthmatical dropsy, and on the 30th of May, at the age of fifty-six, he died.

Pope's work, less than that of any English writer, will

bear separation from his life. His life was not a poem; his character is a problem. To the casuist it suggests questions regarding the relation of art to morality. The moralist, in his zeal for white truth, will find it easy to call Pope liar and Pharisee. But, where love of the humanities is pure, there charity should be strong, and the student, while shutting his eyes to no ugly facts and admitting no sophisms, will surely find his heart fill with pity for the diseased cripple, with admiration for his life of strenuous toil crowned with an honourable independence, with reverence for his genius, with sorrow for the stains that blacken his memory.

POPE AND THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

English poetry of the period 1660 to 1760 has been called classical, because its earlier writers consciously set themselves to imitate the style and methods of the poets of antiquity. The chief features of its classicism are order, symmetry, sobriety, clearness, precision, elegance. Classicism is a convenient term, but it is liable to be misunderstood. The fact cannot be too often recalled, for it is often forgotten, that, while Latin and Greek are conjoined as classical languages, they are not quite on the same plane as literature. Latinism would be a better term for the aim of these writers, as they come much nearer to the Roman excellences than to the Greek. The scholarship of the time was dilettante, and peculiar affection was shown for secondrate Latin models. The style in which Pope translated Homer was partly learned from Statius. Our English classical writers fall below the Greeks, not only in body of thought, but in simplicity, in disinterestedness, in power

of construction, in universality, in the cult of beauty under all forms. Unlike the Greeks, they showed a lack of reverence for the past achievement of their own literature, which they were prone to bring under new forms—witness the adaptations of Chaucer made by Dryden and Pope. This classicism, while not accidental, runs counter to the English poetic temper. For, strange as it may seem, this "nation of shopkeepers" loves mystery and vagueness, and the treatment of poetic subjects indirectly, by symbol and suggestion. That means that the English mind is romantic. That is why so many of our successes are romantic, not classic.

The attempt to be classical implied a continual reference to rules and canons of art. This gave the movement a critical character; hence the school is sometimes called the "critical" school. Because so much stress was laid on expression and finish and form, it is known as the "correct" school. It did owe something to French or Franco-Roman taste, but the movement in England was begun independently of that in France. It was a feature of the time in every country of Europe that possessed a national literature.1 The movement was initiated in a spirit of reform. After the fervour of the exuberant Elizabethan genius had cooled, the poets played havoc with form, and ran riot in far-fetched conceits and strained allusions; they preferred a singularity and an ingenuity of thought. The tricks of these fantastics of the "metaphysical" school were illustrated and criticised by Dr Johnson in his 'Life of Cowley.' It ought to be said, however, that in Donne and others

¹ For a very able survey of classicism in European literature the student should consult the 'Augustan Ages' by Oliver Elton (Blackwood & Sons, 1899).

of this school there are to be found some very fine things indeed, felicities which we miss in the poetry of the classicists. How apt a young romantic poet of genius is to exhibit one feature of this Marinism, as it has been called from the Italian writer Marini, the tendency to lose discrimination and give way to every idea of the moment, may be seen in the early work of Keats. When his first volume of poetry appeared in 1817, Leigh Hunt, in the 'Examiner,' charged several comparisons with this fault, among them the following, from the 'Epistle to George Keats':—

"Their rich brimm'd goblets that incessant run Like the bright spots that move about the sun; And, when upheld, the wine from each bright jar Pours with the lustre of a falling star."

To this volume Keats prefixed the motto from Spenser:-

"What more felicity can fall to creature, Than to enjoy delight with liberty."

To recall poetry from such liberty, to be straightforward, to keep the track, to invite poets to think plainly and write clearly, was the aim of classicism. In the words of Pattison, "To give clearness and plainness to language, to file and finish the lines, to reject superfluity, to diffuse a subdued colour over the whole, to regulate the just subordination of the parts,—these became the business of the poet, and every writer who aspired to be read was a poet.".

With the change in style there came a change in subject. Poetry treated of matters of the moment that interested a section of humanity. It appeared mostly in secondary forms — didactic essays, satires, epistles, burlesques. The poet was no longer a man dwelling

apart. He did not write to please himself, but for society. His thought became a lingua franca for coteries in drawing-rooms and clubs and coffee-houses.

It was therefore a conventional literature. Poetry became the slave of politics and had to voice the acrimonies and scandals of party. It had to minister to

the rational spirit in theology and morals. The poet made his appeal to the intellect and submitted to the

judgment of common-sense. The seer became the high priest of the obvious, and a dealer in commonplaces of worldly wisdom. His very "rage," as he called enthusiasm, was "regular." It was thus a prosaic literature.

Poetry was called upon to do the work of prose. A very great deal of this verse is not poetry but rhymed rhetoric. Many find it hard to admit this, and fall back on definitions of poetry. But, for those who do not feel it to be poetry, it is not poetry, and no definition in the world can make it poetry.

On this classical, critical, correct, artificial, conventional, common-sense, prosaic verse—to give it all its nicknames—Dryden was the first writer to put the stamp of genius, while the work of Pope is its high-water mark. Dryden was too great a man to be entirely subdued by his age. At heart he was partly a romantic. He often rebelled, when, to quote his own words—

"He felt the inspiring heat, the absent god return."

But Pope was a man of scrimper genius. He was easy in his bonds and played all the game. After him it was not worth playing.

To suit the new subjects a reform in prosody seemed necessary. The elastic romantic couplet with its constant use of *enjambement* or overflow from line to line,

"wave softly tumbling over and usurping upon wave in multitudinous lapse," was well adapted for narrative, but was not pointed enough for declamatory, satiric, and argumentative purposes. The satirists before Dryden either wrote in octosyllabics or used the free couplet in its clumsiest form, without regular stress or rest. But, perhaps even before Dryden was born, Waller was writing in distichs, or isolated couplets. This form of the heroic couplet was to become the standard measure for classical verse, and Waller, Sandys, and Denham were its pioneers, while Cowley and Davenant followed the fashion reluctantly. There were others who refused to conform. Milton gloried in blank verse as an "ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming." William Chamberlayne in his 'Pharonnida' went back to the old free form of the couplet, and the 'Endymion' of Keats owes something to this romance. But the fact remains that, when Dryden began to write, the new measure was ready for him—a heroic couplet, flexible, balanced, and harmonious.1 This he set himself to elaborate, and no one has used it with such vigour and magnificence, with such ease of ascent from couplet to couplet. He did not altogether discard the overflow, and he used the hemistich, or broken line. He employed, for greater freedom, the triplet and the Alexandrine, sometimes combining the two. From the hand of Pope the measure received its last developments. He imparted to it added polish, sparkle, rapidity, and delicacy. By careful adjustment of the

I For an account of the evolution of the heroic couplet see I from Shakespeare to Pope' by Edmund Gosse (Cambridge University Press, 1885).

parts, by nicety of balance, by subtle variation of pause, cæsura, and stress, he can make it answer his every mood. He makes slight use of the triplet and the Alexandrine, each line tends more and more to become end-stopt, he never splits the couplet, and he has fewer pauseless lines than Dryden. He thus brings the distich into more complete isolation, and often fails to maintain the connection between couplet and couplet. All his art cannot save the measure from becoming monotonous at last.

In the work of Pope we see all the deficiencies and sacrifices of the classic age. The very qualities which the Greeks used to ballast imagination are now employed to repress it. Formalism takes the place of simplicity, sensuousness goes out along with individual feeling, and the notes of passion are deadened. Poetry has lost the power of the wing. The poet ceases to sing. Even love cannot move him. In lyric, Pope has nothing fit to be placed alongside even of Dryden's declamatory 'Alexander's Feast.' He shows most pathos, with a touch of romance, in his 'Ode to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,' and most passion, of the Ovidian kind, well veneered and spiced with epigram, in 'Eloisa to Abelard.' Logic drives out spirituality, and in his outburst of religious feeling, in the 'Universal Prayer,' Pope condescends to quibble about Freewill. The poet neither creates visions of beauty nor keeps alive its traditions. The blindness of the age to beauty made Keats cry

"Beauty was awake! Why were ye not awake?"

Herding together in the city, men seem to have closed

their eyes and ears to the sights and sounds of nature. Pope's 'Pastorals' are nightmares. If in 'Windsor Forest' he shows some sensibility to colour, he suits his scenery to the taste of the town. Referring in one of his letters to the tints on the autumn leaves, he says: "The variety of colour is not unpleasant. I look upon it as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I should preserve a respect for in her decay." 1

There is not a beautiful or a noble woman in all Pope's gallery. He is never with the children. He moves in a shallow, selfish, knowing world, from which the bloom and freshness and sweetness have gone. His knowledge of human nature is the result of keen observation, not of sympathetic insight. His satire is intellectual and largely inspired by personal antipathy. It measures offences by conventional standards. It is not imaginative, and leaves no room for humour or geniality. No one goes to Pope in his most serious hours for inspiration and strength. If any one do, he classes not the poet but himself. Byron, in a spirit of perversity, declared that he hoped to find Pope the consolation of his old age. He was better dead at thirty-six. Pope fails to attain the highest rank as a poet, not because he belongs to the classical school, but because his view of man and nature is too limited, and because his classicism is insufficient.

But, after all deductions, Pope has a secure niche in the temple of Fame. We are not always in the altitudes,

¹ Pope always suited himself to his audience. In two letters to Robert Digby, who was a lover of the country, he describes the spring and autumn beauties of Twickenham with his usual pose.

and he is to be pitied who cannot find many an hour of entertainment in Pope. We are not always quite so natural as we imagine, and we cannot afford to treat with unqualified scorn the poet of artificial life. Pope was not a creative artist brooding in majestic isolation. He was ever conscious of his contemporary audience, educated men of the world, who did not wish for profound observations on life, and who banned all passion as bad taste. He was popular, and he has already paid the penalty for his popularity. In the course of time his work has undergone a process of attrition. None of his longer works can be said to live as a whole, unless the 'Rape of the Lock.' Much of his literary criticism is effete, his philosophy superseded, his preaching stale, his moralising trite. But from the fragments we can make a rich feast. How superb a distiller of intellectual stimulants is Pope! How he titillates and sharpens us! On almost every page we find wit, seemingly unsought and certainly unstrained, expressed in language unmatched for clearness, grace, point, and finish. His correctness, about which so much has been written to his disparagement, is well defined by Mr Leslie Stephen as "the quality which is gained by · incessant labour, guided by quick feeling, and always under the strict supervision of common sense." Working on these lines, he would pick out a thought, often commonplace and prosaic, from this or that author, and condense and polish it with untiring industry till he produced the perfect couplet, to which we may apply his own words:-

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[&]quot;How finished with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polished gem, the work of years!"

Many of these pithy proverbs and pungent epigrams have passed into our current speech, and are an example of

"What's oft been thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

Often, as in the 'Essay on Man,' these compensate for passages on which the author must have spent much less trouble. Unfortunately, they also show that common-sense and correctness have their limitations.

Pope's work is invaluable as a reflection of contemporary manners and moral standards. He had a keen eye, but it is a pity that it was directed so steadily on the weaknesses and meaner aspects of character. Most of his satire is so personal that the reader must first acquire a mass of detailed knowledge before he can appreciate many of the points and allusions. But even without extraneous knowledge, even when Pope is most venomous and most petty, we cannot help admiring the caustic wit and the scorpion couplets with a sting in every member. His types and fancy portraits in the 'Moral Essays' are drawn with rare skill, and with a classic simplicity and economy now out of fashion. When Pope has to deal with abstract ideas requiring a logical sequence, he is unsatisfactory; when he is dealing with concrete instances, his touch is sure; when his sensitive organism has been thrilled by the kindness of a friend or the malice of an enemy, his compliments and his satires are alike unique; when he sets machinery of his own in motion, as in the 'Rape of the Lock' and the 'Dunciad,' we feel inclined to revise our estimate of his genius.

Pope must always fill a larger space in the history of English literature than his merits may seem to warrant. xxxii POPE.

He was by far the most important figure among English poets for nearly forty years. His work is much more valuable for the severe student than for the general reader. It is a continual reminder of the fact that poetry is an art, and that inspiration cannot do everything. His great merit lies in his technique. He is a master in form and design and proportion, in exactness and propriety of phrase. Add to these a sensibility to language and an ear for verse that does not depend on the higher laws of rhythm. In reading even the 'Pastorals' we are apt to forget that melody alone does not make poetry. "Matched on his own ground," says Mr Swinburne, "he never has been nor can be." Those who believe that execution must count, whatever the department, will put Pope in the first rank of poets.

The outstanding characteristic of Pope's verse—that is, his art or his artifice—is the use of balance and, antithesis. To escape the rigidity and to stave off the monotony which these entail, he shows an extraordinary ingenuity, not at first apparent. More imaginative writers frequently fuse thought and image in one and make use of a wealth of metaphor, but Pope is fond of the formal stately simile, and rarely goes beyond such personifications as—

"In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy.",

His vocabulary contains a large amount of Latin words, some of which had come into the language through the French in Dryden's time. But his Latinisms are few in comparison with Dryden's. Much has been said, and sometimes very unfairly, regarding Pope's poetic diction. Writers of text-books generally cull specimen lines from the 'Iliad' and present them as

his stock-in-trade. Now, it is quite true that polite society in Pope's time had a horror of the specific, especially in a serious poem, and considered directness of phrase vulgar, provincial, and inelegant. For a conventional diction Pope had to go no further than to Dryden, though John Philips in his 'Cyder' is said to have been the first to popularise it. In the translation of Homer the artificial diction is quite natural to Pope's artificial treatment. He believed that "a translator owes much to the taste of the age in which , he lives," and he was influenced by his study of bad Latin models. This accounts for much of his circumlocution and his frequent use of otiose epithets. His habit of inverting the position of object and verb, when pushed for a rhyme—a habit he was slow to abandon may also have been due to his Latin reading. But the fact is that Pope has several styles, each fitted to its subject. Those of the 'Rape of the Lock' and the 'Dunciad' are, naturally, nearest to that of the 'Iliad,' as these are mock-heroic poems. But who would say that the diction of the 'Essay on Criticism,' as a whole, resembled it? The 'Essay on Man' has much falsetto but few periphrases. The 'Moral Essays' connect themselves with the 'Imitations of Horace' and the 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' and these are modelled on heightened conversation.

THE SCHOOL OF POPE.

Pope marks rather the brilliant consummation of Post-Restoration tendencies than the opening of a new literary era. While the prevailing form of poetry was classical and its spirit urban during his lifetime, we XXXIV POPE.

ought not to forget that the foundations of naturalism were being laid contemporaneously. In 1713 Lady Winchelsea published her 'Nocturnal Reverie,' which is full of rural observation. Thomas Parnell is best known as the author of the 'Hermit' in polished heroic couplets, but he was not under the influence of Pope. His 'Night Piece' and 'Hymn to Contentment' are written in octosyllabics and connect him with Milton. Dyer's 'Grongar Hill,' in octosyllabics, appeared in 1726. In the same year Thomson published his 'Winter,' in blank verse, and helped on the poetry of Nature in a manner tantalisingly artificial. Somerville's 'Chase,' Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Blair's 'Grave,' and Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination' were written before Pope's death, all in blank verse, and all pointing away from Pope in subject. Even Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence' was written by 1742, and Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress' was published in the same year. Both of these works carry us back over the classical school to Spenser. Thus when Pope died he really closed an epoch.

After Pope's death the romantic movement grew apace. It is not necessary to chronicle it here. It is sufficient to point to the new metrical experiments of Gray and Collins, who also showed the influence of a wider classical culture, and to the fact that Joseph Warton in 1757 published the first volume of his 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope,' and had the audacity to say, "The sublime and the pathetic are the two chief nerves of all genuine poesy." Already imagination had come to her own again, and poetry was no longer supposed to be restricted to the heroic, couplet. At the same time, conventional phrases are

found in most of the writers till nearly the end of the century, and features which may be called Popian peep out in Burns, and even the earlier editions of Wordsworth's 'Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches' have traces of "poetic diction."

Yet Pope may be said to have had followers. Samuel Johnson wrote his satires in heroic couplets, with more weight and moral earnestness and melancholy, but with much less point, than Pope. The mantle of Pope as a personal satirist fell on Churchill, who substituted a bludgeon for the rapier. But his verse comes nearer to Dryden's than to Pope's. The satiric line may be traced through Gifford to Byron's weak 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Goldsmith was a stout defender of heroics, but his verse has a sweetness which comes of his own tender Irish heart, and owes nothing to Pope. Crabbe makes use of Pope's antithetical effects, but in his portrait work he lacks the selective genius of the master. It is sufficient to name Campbell and Rogers.

Erasmus Darwin, author of the 'Botanic Garden,' was the last of Pope's imitators, who learned the "mere mechanic art," but whose work contained no principle of life. The very names of the rest are forgotten. To be Popian is not to be Pope, any more than to be Tennysonian is to be Tennyson. Of Pope's best work it may be said in his own words—

"All the writer lives in every line.",

Pope has written nothing since his death.

'ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu once said that the Essay was "all stolen." The remark is truer than one prompted by spite usually is. If we except a few examples and illustrations, it is all quotation. It is modelled on three outstanding critical works in verse. Pope found his first original in Horace's delightful 'De Arte Poetica.' He learned much from the 'Ars Poetica' of Vida, Bishop of Alba, an elaborate work in Latin hexameters. But he was most powerfully influenced by the 'Art poétique' of Boileau, the dictator of Francoclassic taste. He must also be credited with some acquaintance, mostly of a second-hand nature, with the critical works of Aristotle, Quintilian, Dionysius, Longinus, and Cicero. From Dryden's Prefaces, Epistles, and 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy' he adopted stray hints, and even deigned to borrow from the crude productions of Sheffield, Roscommon, and Granville.

The Essay is the first serious attempt in English literature to expound in verse a theory of poetical criticism. That it embodied the ideals of the classical school is evident from the eulogies pronounced upon it by Addison and Johnson. But it is tentative, not final. While it is not without method, Pope's patchwork system leaves gaps, inconsistencies, and irrelevancies. Its range of appreciation is really at once too wide and too narrow for an ordered, reasoned, consistent, hard-and-fast theory. No strict follower of Horace could swallow Pope's praise of Longinus. He seems not to know that there is such a thing as development. His maxim, "Follow nature," is a conventional catch-phrase. He is blind to the true

relation between Homer and Virgil, while Milton is not so much as mentioned. In fact, Addison had to square Milton with certain so-called rules of Aristotle before he could be enjoyed without qualms. His silence about Shakespeare is more eloquent than words. Shakespeare was a sort of lusus natura, too horrible to contemplate. When he tells the critic to "know well each ancient's proper character," he is inculcating the study of the classics in the interests of cut-and-dried ideas, not for the vital contact of spirit with spirit; to find excuses for, not immunity from, prejudice. In short, Pope is the man of his time. In the course of two hundred years critical jargon has changed. We talk now of environment and atmosphere and historic sympathy, we ask if a work is good in itself, we study the man and the time as well as the work; not seldom, perhaps, we are apt to forget that some preconceptions are absolutely essential.

But whatever be our opinions of the merit of the main thesis, however trite the thoughts may appear, we are very often compelled to admire Pope's presentation of his borrowed materials. The Essay contains many lines and couplets that are simply perfect in expression. The youth is already, at least at intervals, a master of aphorism and epigram, of terseness and point. As a consequence, many who have never read the 'Essay on Criticism' can quote such lines as—

"To err is human, to forgive, divine."

He can transform the rawest materials into gems without a flaw. A feeble line in Boileau becomes in Pope—

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

He produces a few longer passages of sustained excel-

lence, especially when he treats of criticism on its ethical side, and the character of the ideal critic has been sketched by Pope for all time. It is impossible to agree with those who class the work as wholly a schoolboy performance. Pope does not shoot all his arrows; his quiver seems always full. He is not a worker in thin gold-leaf. He stays to finish, and does not amplify or repeat his effects. Yet the criticism is partly just. That there are lines and passages of mere prose is not to be wondered at. But there are obscurities, clumsy constructions, and harsh inversions. There are instances of the ambiguous use of words, such as "wit," of faulty rhymes and bad grammar. There are symptoms of mental indigestion. The Essay deserves neither the superlative praise of Johnson nor the extreme harshness of more recent criticism. It is a very unequal production, a curious mixture of rawness and ripeness. The work of young writers is apt to be characterless and to suffer from general debility. This Essay, in its felicities and in not a few of its faults, bears the sign-manual of the genius that was Pope.

'THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.'

No poem of Pope's is read with so unalloyed a satisfaction as the 'Rape of the Lock.' In none of his works has his elegant fancy so clear an admixture of imagination. Nowhere does the genius of the poet of society seem so spontaneous and so creative. This work shares with the 'Dunciad,' in its first form, the merit of being the most truly classical in conception of Pope's writings. When it appeared it gained applause from all

quarters, "from the critic to the waiting-maid," as Johnson says. Even now this airy trifle seems weighty enough to sustain a reputation.

The work satisfies all the essentials of a mock-heroic poem. The action follows the extended course of a regular epic; it contains a leading motive and central figures; it observes the due subordination of details and minor characters. . From invocation to catastrophe, and from catastrophe to conclusion, episode follows episode naturally and convincingly; while the characters and the scenes, the sentiment and the diction, are in complete harmony. At the same time the heroi-comic or mockheroic purpose is never lost sight of. "The little is made great and the great little.". We pass a day of high life in London, among the paraphernalia of fashion, with fans and patches, amber snuff-boxes and malacca canes, as if these were the only realities. The incidents that precede, attend, and follow the cutting of a lock of hair are related with a solemnity and a splendour of diction suited to the most serious drama ever enacted on the planet. But the glorification is humiliation. By means of parody and paradox, irony and veiled satire, by juxtaposition and antithesis, the natural is contrasted with the artificial, the eternal ordinances with the fashion of a day, the things that really matter with those that are less than nothing. It is an exquisite satire on the life of the votaries of Vanity and Frivolity. It is not entirely playful. Pope was not a man of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." The satire is often contemptuous and sometimes bites. As Dennis pointed out, the screaming power of the ladies shows a lack of delicacy, while the battle is inartistic. For a few coarser touches the age is responsible.

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Pope was happily inspired when he thought of introducing into the poem the creations of the Rosicrucian system of 'Le Count de Gabalis.' To have employed the gods of Greek mythology would have been an absurdity. Fancy the hurler of thunderbolts agonising over the destinies of a lapdog, and the deities of Olympus keeping watch and ward over locks of hair and furbelows! To have used abstractions, like Discord and Effeminacy, as Boileau had done in 'Le Lutrin,' would have proved insipid. The fays of early romance were too magical, and the fairies of Shakespeare too elemental and broadly human, for Pope's purpose. To suit his artificial world he required a little people of narrow natures and sophisticated instincts, and such he found in the sylphs and gnomes, who become in his hands "almost an allegory of the spirit of poetic fancy in slavery to polished society." They are exactly fitted to their sphere, and they harmonise with the whole action, to which they add fresh dignity and beauty. The poet describes their ministries and punishments, and every flutter of their tinsel existence, with a sparkling wit and a charming fancy. The passage beginning with the line,

"Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,"

is as fine a piece of description, of one kind, as the episode of the game at ombre is of another. This latter, it ought to be said, is imitated from the Italian Vida's 'Scacchia Ludus,' which describes a game at chess.

Complete though the poem is in itself, it owes so much to the ancient epics that it is likely to be most highly enjoyed by the classical student. To the reader who moves freely in the Homeric world the satire is continually gaining fresh force at points where the poet

es not draw out the parody. One contrasts, to select a few instances, the spear with the clouded cane, Achilles donning his armour with Belinda at the toilet, a hero rolling on the ground and moaning very sore for his dead friend with a heartless heroine in a pet about the loss of a lock, the giants in hell with a sylph in a bottle of gum. Perhaps the difference of plane can be best appreciated by comparing the speech of Clarissa in the Fifth Canto with that of Sarpedon to Glaucus in the 'Iliad,' of which it is a parody:—

"Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting-fields, nor urge the soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honoured if we live.
Or let us glory gain, or glory give."

'ESSAY ON MAN.'

This Essay, which was to form the first part of an ethical system, was the fruit of Pope's intimacy with Bolingbroke. But how much of it was directly due to that oracle has been disputed. Lord Bathurst declared that he had read the whole argument in a series of propositions drawn up by Bolingbroke for Pope's guidance. Many of the topics and illustrations of the Essay are found in St John's published 'Fragments.' The poet himself both spoke and wrote of his indebtedness to his friend. From the conclusion of the fourth Epistle it may reasonably be inferred that his connection with the work was more than nominal. It is therefore prob-

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able that the "philosophical stamina" came from Bolingbroke, while the imagery and many of the illustrations were the poet's own. Though Pope confessed that he had never read a word of Leibniz, his appropriations from such writers as Locke, Shaftesbury, Wollaston, King, Pascal, and Bacon may have been made at first-hand.

To expound a philosophy in verse and be poetical throughout is an impossibility. But a thorough exposition of a natural religion, either in prose or in verse, was beyond Pope. He was not a student of systems, and he was wholly unpractised in sustained reasoning. Nominally a Catholic, he was really, if anything, a Deist. But he was a poet and could produce a poem, which, without giving offence to the Christian, might appeal to those of his contemporaries whose beliefs were in solution. Accordingly he blended in one mixture Agnosticism, Theism, and the Pantheism of Spinoza in a diluted form, incorporated a simple, shallow, and sensational psychology, maintained a complacent optimism, and presented the thesis, "Virtue alone is happiness below," in a manner so captivating as to make it appear not a truism but a discovery. Whether or not he understood the full force of his arguments, expressed and implied, he was uneasy about the reception of the poem. He had many enemies, and he was fearful of being denounced as a subverter of Christianity. On the other hand, he had no wish to be hailed by the Deists as their champion. In 1737 Crousaz, a professor at Lausanne, published his 'Examen,' in which he accused Pope of fatalism, Spinozism, and of denying the moral attributes of God. Pope was in genuine distress until Warburton came forward and proved his orthodoxy.

If Pope meant what Warburton made him out to mean, the 'Essay on Man' is the obscurest work in the

language.

Pope's method of work was fatal to the unity of his poem, which falls to pieces in our hands. With him the part was more than the whole. He spent all his art on the elaboration and embroidery of patches which refuse to cohere. He allowed the poetry to override the philosophy at all points. When we ask for a proof he gives us a brilliant but beguiling epigram. When we wish for a moment's reflection he sweeps us along in a whirl of rhetoric. "The poem," says De Quincey, "is the realisation of anarchy; and one amusing test of this may be found in the fact that different commentators have deduced from it opposite doctrines." Hazlitt is not far from the truth when he declares, "All that he says, 'the very words and to the self-same tune,' would prove just as well that whatever is, is wrong, as that whatever is, is right."

But not only are Pope's moral views inadequate for a system of natural religion; the spirit in which he treats his subject is objectionable to us. Milton and Pope both set themselves the same task, which was to "justify the ways of God to men." Contrast the opening of this Essay with that of 'Paradise Lost.' Milton, feeling himself but the mouthpiece of the Spirit, asks for instruction, for support, for illumination. Pope is the mouthpiece of a set, of society, and he speaks for and to his time. He puts on the free-and-easy air of a wit and a man of the world. And that is his normal attitude. There is a lack of moral earnestness and of composure. He sinks too readily into smart satire. Couplets, such as'Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule— Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!"

are gratuitous impertinences. His range of human sympathy is narrow. His doctrine of "the scale of beings" rouses his sympathy for the lower animals, but his sense of man's inevitable ignorance damps his enthusiasms. He beats down the aspirations of humanity, and sneers at science. His optimism is of the cheapest. It is not the outcome of the profound thought that sees a unity behind all seeming contradictions, but it has been gained by shutting the eyes to the dark side of things. His tolerance is noble, but it is partly that of a man of loose convictions. Yet the lesson of resignation was never better inculcated than by Pope:—

"Submit. In this, or any other sphere, Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear: Safe in the hand of one disposing power, Or in the natal, or the mortal hour."

And again:—

"Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar; Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore."

His delineation of the virtuous character is admirable, and Ruskin has called the two lines,

"Never elated, while one man's oppressed; Never dejected, whilst another's blessed,"

"the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words."

The Essay has remained a classic in spite of its philosophy. It has a European reputation. If we agree to let the argument look after itself, and concentrate our attention on the poetry and the execution of

the parts, we can understand how that is so. It contains some of the best examples of the limited excellences of the classical school. Here we can study the finest features of Pope's rhetoric—his clearness, terseness, sureness of touch, correctness of epithet, perfection of phrase, his full yet easy line. When he treats of the "scale of beings" and expounds the Pantheistic view of the universe, his poetry is at its highest. No one is likely to overlook the passages beginning—

"Far as creation's ample range extends."

"Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense."

"See matter next, with various life endued."

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

Not less admirable are those commencing-

"Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone?"

"Know then, this truth, enough for man to know."

It is sufficient merely to mention the lines on "the poor Indian" and "the lamb," the merits of which familiarity tends to obscure. If the illustrations do not always exactly fit the argument they are at least striking. The aphorisms and epigrams may not enshrine deep original thought, but, whether half-truths or platitudes, they have nowhere else found so pithy expression and so portable form. Pope's excessive compression and elimination, it is true, occasionally lead to obscurity. There are laboured lines and passages of defective construction. As the thought is sometimes foggy, so the expression sometimes flounders. But these defects are far outweighed by the substantive merits of the Essay, which it would be foolishness to ignore.

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'EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT' AND 'EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS.'

The story goes that one day when Pope was lying ill Bolingbroke called, and, finding a volume of Horace on the table, took it up and remarked that it would exactly hit Pope's case, if he were to imitate in English the First Satire of the Second Book. The poet read and began to translate it; in two mornings the work was complete, and in a week it was in press. That was the commencement of the series of 'Imitations of Horace.' In these satires, to quote the words of Warburton, "our author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas; and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own without scruple or ceremony." It is perhaps needless to say that Horace, in his social strictures and in his personalities, appears a very modest man in comparison with Pope.

The 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' which is now regarded as the Prologue to these poems, is an independent work. It was not composed quite in the manner indicated in the Advertisement. It was not "drawn up by snatches as the several occasions offered," but was, in great part, written as a direct answer to the 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace' and the 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity,' attacks made on Pope by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey in retaliation for some satiric strokes in the first Imitation and several other attentions of an offensive character. The piece is therefore a verse supplement to Pope's prose 'Letter to a Noble Lord,' which he was persuaded not to publish. It is, as he

describes it, "a sort of bill of complaint," and, however

unsatisfactory, it must stand as his apology.

We read Pope's lively gossip with mingled feelings. We envy him as an independent gentleman, maintaining "a poet's dignity and ease" in a villa up the river, reading and writing what he pleases, enjoying himself in his grotto or among the "pleasing intricacies" of his grounds, taking the air in the chariot or sailing in the gilded barge of a great friend. We recall the myth about Homer's beggary, and contrast the fortunes of the maker and the translator of the 'Iliad.' We are amused at the successful poet's account of his troubles with fools and flatterers. We admire the writer who has never put his genius to sale. We do not find it necessary to praise him for paying his debts and saying his prayers. We are certainly surprised to hear that he is not aware whether Dennis be still in the flesh. We merely smile at many touches of vanity, for we can forgive much to genius. But we sadly miss the accent of magnanimity. We resent the tone of the man of letters, who has "emerged," to his humble fellow-craftsmen in Grub Street. Of these many had maligned him, some had not. Some were men who had sold themselves to the devil in the shape of a peer, a party, or a print; the characters of many would probably have compared very favourably with Pope's own. It is no crime to "turn a Persian tale for half-a-crown," to go ragged and dinnerless. Pope has forgotten the words of "good Aurelius," "Even in a palace life may be led well." He is a very superior person,—in other words, a snob.

But what are we to think of some of the protestations in lines 334-359? How can we reconcile the "manly ways" with known instances of tortuous conduct? We

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know that he confessed to Teresa Blount that he could "equivocate pretty genteelly," and when he tells how he "thought a lie in prose or verse the same," we are tempted to reply, "Too true!" When he protests that his satire has always had a moral object, and exclaims passionately—

POPE.

"Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past: For thee, Fair Virtue! welcome even the last!"

the sentiment is in harmony with the lines in the first Imitation—

"Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur, or commend;"

but it is in keeping neither with actual fact nor with the confession—

"Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
But touch me, and no minister so sore;
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song,"

nor with the foul couplet on Lady Mary which almost immediately follows. As we read we are inclined to set Pope down as a humbug and a hypocrite. But it is possible that we are mistaken. Granted that Pope was sensitive, irritable, resentful, selfish, vain, mean, and insincere, he could also cherish affection, feel gratitude, show benevolence, and love goodness. He may have deceived himself, and believed what he wrote, at the time. He seems to have set up a certain ideal with which he identified himself, and he wished the world to share his delusion.

The portrait of Atticus is one of the portions of this Epistle that were written long before 1735. Its outlines were given in a letter to Craggs in 1715, while Addison was still alive. But the grave did not close Pope's accounts. He kept it and touched it and retouched it, and at last deftly fitted it into its frame. Undoubtedly it is his satiric masterpiece. It has the merit, rare in Pope's satire, of not losing the general in the individual. It stands for a literary type as well as for Addison. It rests on a foundation of truth. Addison was not free from jealousy, he could "assent with civil leer," and he did not object to incense. Its total effect, while not sacrificed to the brilliance of a series of epigrams, is enhanced by the opening lines in which Addison's genius is admitted, and by the unique conclusion in which his fame is acknowledged. It is rather remarkable that De Quincey has accused Pope of inaccuracy in asking us to laugh in one line and weep in the next, at one and the same thing. Surely it is matter enough for tears to find that we have been laughing at the man whom we were taught to worship.

To have a show of reason and to secure sympathy, moral satire should seem to come from another sphere. The satirist ought to sit upon a throne and shoot his shafts with a serene Olympian air. To that height Pope does not attain. Too often he loses his superiority and demeans himself by entering the arena and taking part in a gladiatorial contest. His assault on Lord Hervey, under the name of Sporus, is his most brilliant exhibition of personal spleen. Sometimes he pursues his enemy with the petty spite of a Lady Mary; here his malignant glee is almost devilish. But his fury does not cause him to forget his art. He does not war with the

wretched squib of the ordinary satirist, all bounce and hiss and sputter. Under Pope's pitiless vitriolic rain Hervey's "thin essence" seems to "shrink like a rivelled flower." The painted dandy turns to a bleached scarecrow, the witty courtier becomes a crawling reptile. But the poet's virulence overshoots itself. We refuse to believe, and while we sympathise with the victim we pity the writer. Sporus is the type of nothing on earth, much less of a Georgian courtier. And, in this connection, the less said about the defence of "fair virtue" the better.

The 'Epistle to Augustus' is the best of the 'Imitations.' "Imitation" is hardly the word, for, while Horace's Epistle is a panegyric, Pope's is partly a satire. Horace's was perhaps written at the desire of the Emperor, Pope's because he wished to attack the King and the Court, and voice the sentiments of the Opposition, as he did more openly in the 'Epilogue.' The two monarchs had not much in common. "George Augustus neither loved learning nor encouraged men of letters, nor were there any Mæcenases about him. There was another essential difference between the two Augustuses; as personal courage was the only quality necessary to form a great prince, which the one was suspected to want, so I fear it was the only one the other was ever thought to possess." 1 The parallels are mostly very apt. Occasionally, owing to the difficulty in adapting Horace's thought, we can detect a lack of connection and a feeling of constraint. Sometimes, in order to understand why he has pursued a certain line when another was more obvious and natural, we must refer to the Latin original. If the literary review seems

¹ Hervey's Memoirs of the Reign of George II., i. 305.

not very fertile and much in the spirit of the 'Essay on Criticism,' we must remember that he might have shown a greater advance had he cared to break free from his leading-strings.

As to the literary execution of these two Epistles there will probably be complete unanimity among candid students. They show with what consummate ease and vivacity Pope could move within the confines of the heroic couplet. Dialogue like that of the 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' with its sparkle and freedom and point, can be found nowhere else in English. These poems vindicate Pope's claim,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe; Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease Intent to reason, or polite to please."

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

1688. Birth of Pope.

1688. The English Revolution. Birth of Gay. Death of Bunyan.

1690. Locke's 'Essay Concerning the Human Understanding.'

1700. Pope removes to Binfield.

1700. Birth of Thomson. Death of Dryden.

1702. Accession of Queen Anne.

1703. Birth of John Wesley.

'Campaign.' Swift's 'Tale of a Tub' and 'Battle of the Books.'

1705. Meets Walsh.

1707. Union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland. Birth of Fielding.

1709. 'Pastorals'; 'Sappho to Phaon'; 'Imitations of Chaucer.'
1709. Birth of Johnson.

1709-11. The 'Tatler.'

1710. Berkeley's 'Principles of Human Knowledge.'

1711. 'Essay on Criticism'; 'Ode for Music on St Cecilia's Day.'
1711. Birth of Hume.

1711-12 (and 1714). The 'Spectator.'

1712. 'Rape of the Lock'; the 'Messiah'; 'Epistle to Miss Blount'; Translation of Book I. of 'Thebais' of Statius.

1713. 'Windsor Forest'; 'Essay on Pastoral Poetry' in 'Guardian'; 'Narrative of the Frenzy of Mr John Dennis'; Prologue to 'Cato.'

1713. Birth of Sterne. Addison's 'Cato.'

1713-14. Meetings of Scriblerus Club.

1714. Accession of George I.

1715-20. Translation of Homer's 'Iliad.'

1715. Jacobite Rising. Death of Wycherley. Gay's 'Trivia.'

1716. Pope removes to Chiswick.

1717. 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady'; 'Eloisa to Abelard'; 'Translations and Imitations' collected and published in quarto edition; 'Epistle to Mr Jervas.'

1718. Pope removes to Twickenham.

1719. Death of Addison.

1719-20. Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe.'

1720. South Sea Bubble.

1721. Birth of Smollett. Death of Prior.

1720. 'Epistle to Mr Addison,' now included in 'Moral Essays.'

1723-25. Translation of Homer's 'Odyssey.'

1724. Swift's 'Drapier's Letters.'

1725. Edition of Shakespeare.

1725. Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd.' Young's 'Universal Passion.'

1725-30. Thomson's 'Seasons.'

1726. Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels.'

1727-28. 'Of the Art of Sinking in Poetry'; 'Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish.'

1727. Accession of George II. Gay's 'Fables.'

1728. 'Dunciad.'

1728. Birth of Goldsmith. Gay's 'Beggar's Opera.'

1729. Death of Steele and Congreve.

1730. 'Grub Street Journal' started.

1731-35. 'Moral Essays.'

1731. Birth of Cowper and Churchill. Death of Desoe.

1732. Death of Pope's mother.

1732. Death of Gay.

1733-34. 'Essay on Man.'

1733-38. 'Imitations of Horace'; 'Satires of Dr Donne Versified.'

1735. 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot.'

1736. Butler's 'Analogy of Religion.'

1737. Authorised edition of Correspondence.

1737. Birth of Gibbon.

1738. 'Epilogue to Satires'; the 'Universal Prayer.

1740. Richardson's 'Pamela.'

1742. 'Dunciad' (Fourth Book added).

1742. Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews.' Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

1743. Battle of Dettingen. Blair's 'Grave.'

1743. 'Dunciad' (new form).

1744. Death of Pope.

1744. Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination.'



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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill	
Appear in writing or in judging ill;	
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence	
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.	
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,	5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;	
A fool might once himself alone expose,	
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.	
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none	
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.	10
In poets as true genius is but rare,	
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;	
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,	
These born to judge, as well as those to write.	
Let such teach others who themselves excel,	15
And censure freely who have written well.	
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,	
But are not critics to their judgment too?	
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find	
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:	20
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;	
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn r	ight.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,	
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,	

So by false learning is good sense defaced:

Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.

In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

35

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,

Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,

And justly bear a critic's noble name,

45

55

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
50

And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;

and

Where beams of warm imagination play, The memory's soft figures melt away. 60 One science only will one genius fit; So vast is art, so narrow human wit: Not only bounded to peculiar arts, But oft in those confined to single parts. Like kings we lose the conquests gained before, By vain ambition still to make them more; 65 Each might his several province well command, Would all but stoop to what they understand. First follow nature, and your judgment frame By her just standard, which is still the same: Unerring nature, still divinely bright, 70 One clear, unchanged, and universal light, Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart, At once the source, and end, and test of art. Art from that fund each just supply provides, Works without show, and without pomp presides: In some fair body thus the informing soul With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole, Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains; Itself unseen, but in the effects remains. Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse, Want as much more, to turn it to its use; For wit and judgment often are at strife, Though meant each other's aid, like man

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed; Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85 The winged courser, like a generous horse, Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discovered, not devised, Are nature still, but nature methodised;

wife.

Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.

90

Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites, When to repress, and when indulge our flights: High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed, And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95 Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize, And urged the rest by equal steps to rise. Just precepts thus from great examples given, She drew from them what they derived from Heaven. The generous critic fanned the poet's fire, 100 And taught the world with reason to admire. Then criticism the Muse's handmaid proved, To dress her charms, and make her more beloved: But following wits from that intention strayed, Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid; 105 Against the poets their own arms they turned, Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned. So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part, Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools. Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey, Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they. Some drily plain, without invention's aid, Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115 These leave the sense, their learning to display, And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,

Know well each ancient's proper character; His fable, subject, scope in every page; Religion, country, genius of his age:

120

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

then?

Without all these at once before your eyes, Cavil you may, but never criticise. Be Homer's works your study and delight, Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring, And trace the Muses upward to their spring. Still with itself compared, his text peruse; And let your comment be the Mantuan muse. When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130 A work to outlast immortal Rome designed, Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law, And but from nature's fountains scorned to draw: But when to examine every part he came, Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135 Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design; And rules as strict his laboured work confine, As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line. Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem; To copy nature is to copy them. 140 Some beauties yet no precepts can declare, For there's a happiness as well as care. Music resembles poetry, in each Are nameless graces which no methods teach, And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145 If, where the rules not far enough extend, (Since rules were made but to promote their end) Some lucky licence answer to the full The intent proposed, that licence is a rule. Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150 May boldly deviate from the common track; From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part, And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,

Which without passing through the judgment, gains The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes Which out of nature's common order rise, The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend, And rise to faults true critics dare not mend. 160 But though the ancients thus their rules invade, (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made) Moderns, beware! or if you must offend Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end; Let it be seldom, and compelled by need; 165 And have, at least, their precedent to plead. The critic else proceeds without remorse, Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, even in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array.
But with the occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

170

180

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learned their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

9

In praise so just let every voice be joined, And fill the general chorus of mankind. Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days; Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190 Whose honours with increase of ages grow, As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow; Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound, And worlds applaud that must not yet be found! Oh may some spark of your celestial fire, 195 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire, (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights; Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes) To teach vain wits a science little known, To admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200

Of all the causes which conspire to blind Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind, What the weak head with strongest bias rules, Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools. Whatever nature has in worth denied, 205 She gives in large recruits of needful pride; For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind: Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence, And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210 If once right reason drives that cloud away, Truth breaks upon us with resistless day. Trust not yourself; but your defects to know, Make use of every friend—and every foe. A little learning is a dangerous thing; 215 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts, In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, 220 While from the bounded level of our mind Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind; But more advanced, behold with strange surprise New distant scenes of endless science rise! So pleased at first the towering Alps we try, 225 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky, The eternal snows appear already past, And the first clouds and mountains seem the last; But, those attained, we tremble to survey The growing labours of the lengthened way, 230 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes, Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! A perfect judge will read each work of wit

With the same spirit that its author writ: Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find 235 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind; Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight, The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit. But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow, Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep; We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep. In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts Is not the exactness of peculiar parts; 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245 But the joint force and full result of all. Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome, (The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprise, All comes united to the admiring eyes;

250

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;	
The whole at once is bold, and regular.	
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,	
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.	
In every work regard the writer's end,	255
Since none can compass more than they intend;	
And if the means be just, the conduct true,	
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;	
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,	
As men of breeding, sometimes men of many	260
To avoid great errors, must the less commit:	
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,	
For not to know some trifles is a praise.	
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,	
Still make the whole depend upon a part:	265
They talk of principles, but notions prize,	203
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.	
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,	
A certain bard encountering on the way,	
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,	
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;	270
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools	
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.	
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,	
Produced his play, and begged the Knight's advice;	
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,	275
The manners, passions, unities; what not?	
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,	
Were but a combat in the lists left out.	
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knigh	ıt;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.	280
"Not so, by Heaven" (he answers in a rage),	
"Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage."	е

285

290

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain. "Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice, Curious not knowing, not exact but nice, Form short ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine, And glittering thoughts struck out at every line; Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit; One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit. . Poets like painters, thus, unskilled to trace The naked nature and the living grace, With gold and jewels cover every part, 295 And hide with ornaments their want of art. True wit is nature to advantage dressed, What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;

Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind. 300 As shades more sweetly recommend the light, So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit. For works may have more wit than does 'em good, As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express, 305 And value books, as women men, for dress: Their praise is still,—the style is excellent: The sense, they humbly take upon content. Words are like leaves; and where they most abound, Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found, 310 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass, Its gaudy colours spreads on every place; The face of nature we no more survey, All glares alike, without distinction gay:

But true expression, like the unchanging sun,	315
Clears and improves whate'er it snines upon,	
The wilds all objects, but it alters none.	
Expression is the dress of thought, and still	
Appears more decent, as more suitable;	
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,	320
To like a clown in regal purple dressed:	
For different styles with different subjects sort,	
As several garbs with country, town, and court.	
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,	
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;	325
Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,	
Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile.	
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,	
These sparks with awkward vanity display	
These sparks with awkward valley and resterday:	330
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;	
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,	
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.	
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;	
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:	335
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,	333
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.	
But most by numbers judge a poet's song;	
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:	
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspir	e,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;	340
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,	
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,	
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.	
These equal syllables alone require,	
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;	345
While expletives their feeble aid do join;	
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:	
Allia ten ten norde er ere-F	

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes, With sure returns of still expected rhymes; Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees": If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep," The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep": Then, at the last and only couplet fraught With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355 A needless Alexandrine ends the song That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along. Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow; And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join. True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, As those move easiest who have learned to dance. 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence, The sound must seem an echo to the sense: 365 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows, And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows; But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar: When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, The line too labours, and the words move slow; 371 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

375

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists
descry,

Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise; The ancients only, or the moderns prize. 395 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied To one small sect, and all are damned beside. Meanly they seek the blessing to confine, And force that sun but on a part to shine, Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes; Which from the first has shone on ages past, Enlights the present, and shall warm the last; Though each may feel increases and decays, And see now clearer and now darker days. 405 Regard not then if wit be old or new, But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.

Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then

Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. Of all this servile herd the worst is he That in proud dulness joins with quality, 415 A constant critic at the great man's board, To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord. What woful stuff this madrigal would be In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me! But let a lord once own the happy lines, How the wit brightens! how the style refines! Before his sacred name flies every fault, And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

420

The vulgar thus through imitation err, As oft the learned by being singular; 425 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng By chance go right, they purposely go wrong; So schismatics the plain believers quit, And are but damned for having too much wit. Some praise at morning what they blame at night: But always think the last opinion right. 431 A Muse by these is like a mistress used, This hour she's idolised, the next abused; While their weak heads like towns unfortified, 434 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say; And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day. We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow, Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread; 440 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read; Faith, gospel, all, seemed made to be disputed,

And none had sense enough to be confuted:

Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain	
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.	445
If faith itself has different dresses worn,	
What wonder modes in wit should take the	ir
turn?	
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,	
The current folly proves the ready wit;	
And authors think their reputation safe,	450
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.	
Some valuing those of their own side or mind,	
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:	4
Fondly we think we honour merit then,	
When we but praise ourselves in other men.	455
Parties in wit attend on those of state,	
And public faction doubles private hate.	
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,	
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;	
But sense survived when merry jests were past,	460
For rising merit will buoy up at last.	
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,	
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:	
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,	
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.	465
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;	
But like a shadow, proves the substance true;	
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known	
The opposing body's grossness, not its own,	
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,	470
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;	
But even those clouds at last adorn its way,	
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.	
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;	
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.	475

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes, And 'tis but just to let them live betimes. No longer now that golden age appears When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years: Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480 And bare threescore is all even that can boast; Our sons their fathers' failing language see, And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be. So when the faithful pencil has designed Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485 Where a new world leaps out at his command, And ready nature waits upon his hand; When the ripe colours soften and unite, And sweetly melt into just shade and light; When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490 And each bold figure just begins to live, The treacherous colours the fair art betray, And all the bright creation fades away! Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things, Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495 In youth alone its empty praise we boast, But soon the short-lived vanity is lost: Like some fair flower the early spring supplies, That gaily blooms, but even in blooming dies. What is this wit which must our cares employ? 500 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; Then most our trouble still when most admired, And still the more we give, the more required; Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease, 505

Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun, By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo, Ah, let not learning too commence its foe! Of old, those met rewards who could excel, 510 And such were praised who but endeavoured well: Though triumphs were to generals only due, Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too. Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown Employ their pains to spurn some others down, 515 And while self-love each jealous writer rules, Contending wits become the sport of fools: But still the worst with most regret commend, For each ill author is as bad a friend. To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520 Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise! Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast, Nor in the critic let the man be lost. Good-nature and good-sense must ever join; To err is human, to forgive, divine. 525 But if in noble minds some dregs remain Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain, Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes, Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times. No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind; But dulness with obscenity must prove As shameful sure as impotence in love. In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase: 535 When love was all an easy monarch's care; Seldom at council, never in a war: Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ; Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:

The fair sate panting at a courtier's play,	540
And not a mask went unimproved away:	
The modest fan was lifted up no more,	
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before.	
The following licence of a foreign reign	
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;	545
Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,	
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;	
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights disp	oute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:	
Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare,	550
And vice admired to find a flatterer there!	
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,	
And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies.	
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,	
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!	555
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,	555
Will needs mistake an author into vice;	
All seems infected that the infected spy,	
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.	
and the form your to the junitaries and a	

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.

POPE. 22

What crowds of these, impenitently bold, In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605 Still run on poets, in a raging vein, Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain, Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense, And rhyme with all the rage of impotence. Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true, 610 There are as mad abandoned critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in his head, With his own tongue still edifies his ears, And always listening to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails, From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales. With him, most authors steal their works, or buy; Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

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Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend, Nay, showed his faults—but when would poets mend? No place so sacred from such fops is barred, Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard: Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead:

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks, It still looks home, and short excursions makes; But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,

And never shocked, and never turned aside, Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow, Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know? Unbiassed, or by favour, or by spite; Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right; Though learned, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere, Modestly bold, and humanly severe: 636

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,	
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?	
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;	
A knowledge both of books and human kind:	640
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;	
And love to praise, with reason on his side?	
Such once were critics; such the happy few	
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.	
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,	645
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:	
He steered securely, and discovered far,	
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.	
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,	
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,	650
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit	
Who conquered nature should preside o'er wit.	
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,	
And without method talks us into sense—	
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey	655
The truest notions in the easiest way.	
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,	
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,	
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with	h
fire;	
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.	660
Our critics take a contrary extreme,	
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :	
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations	
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.	
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,	665
And call new beauties forth from every line!	
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,	
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.	

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find	
The justest rules and clearest method joined:	670
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,	
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,	
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,	
Still fit for use, and ready at command.	
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,	675
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.	
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,	
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;	
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,	
And is himself that great sublime he draws.	680
Thus long succeeding critics justly reigned,	0.2.2
Licence repressed, and useful laws ordained.	
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,	
And arts still followed where her eagles flew;	
From the same foes, at last, both felt their door	1, 689
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.	
With tyranny, then superstition joined,	
As that the body, this enslaved the mind,	
Much was believed, but little understood,	
And to be dull was construed to be good;	690
A second deluge learning thus o'errun,	
And the monks finished what the Goths begun.	
At length Erasmus, that great injured name,	
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)	
Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age,	695
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.	75
But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,	
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither	red
bays,	
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruin spread,	
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.	700
그 마음 사람들이 되어 있다. 그는 아이들이 사람들이 되었다. 그 아이들이 얼마나 나는 사람들이 되었다면 사람들이 되었다면 하는데 아이들이 아이들이 되었다면 하는데 아이들이 아이들이 아이들이 아이들이 아이들이 아이들이 아이들이 아이들	

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Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive; Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live; With sweeter notes each rising temple rung; A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung. Immortal Vida, on whose honoured brow 705 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow: Cremona now shall ever boast thy name, As next in place to Mantua, next in fame! But soon by impious arms from Latium chased, Their ancient bounds the banished Muses passed; Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance, 711 But critic-learning flourished most in France: The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys; And Boileau still in right of Horace sways. But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised, 715 And kept unconquered and uncivilised; Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold, We still defied the Romans, as of old. Yet some there were among the sounder few Of those who less presumed, and better knew, 720 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause, And here restored wit's fundamental laws. Such was the Muse whose rules and practice tell, "Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well." Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good, 725 With manners generous as his noble blood; To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known, And every author's merit, but his own. Such late was Walsh, the Muse's judge and friend, Who justly knew to blame or to commend;

To failings mild, but zealous for desert,

The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence the unlearned their wants may view,
The learned reflect on what before they knew:
740
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos; Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

-MART., Epigr. xii. 84.

TO MRS ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world,—an imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics to signify that part which the deities, angels, 15 or dæmons are made to act in a poem; for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies—let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new 20 and odd foundation—the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particu- 25

larly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called 'Le Comte de Gabalis,' which both in its title and size is so like a novel that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes or dæmons of earth delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits upon a condition very easy to all true adepts—an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?

O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,

Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

In tasks so bold, can little men engage,

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest:

'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning dream that hovered o'er her head;

Levely's in A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau (That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow) Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay, And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say.

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Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care Of thousand bright inhabitants of air! If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught; 30 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen, The silver token, and the circled green, Or virgins visited by angel-powers With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers; Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below. Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed, To maids alone and children are revealed: What though no credit doubting wits may give? The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40 Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly, The light militia of the lower sky: These, though unseen, are ever on the wing, Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring. Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45 And view with scorn two pages and a chair. As now your own, our beings were of old, And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould; Thence, by a soft transition, we repair From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50 Think not when woman's transient breath is fled That all her vanities at once are dead; Succeeding vanities she still regards, And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first ements their souls retire:
The sprites of hery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,

For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.

These swell their prospects and exalt their pride
When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,

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And in soft sounds "Your Grace" salutes their ear.

Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray.

90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive. This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,

Beware of all, but most beware of man!

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But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where: Warned by the sylph, oh pious maid, beware! This to disclose is all thy guardian can:

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He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long, Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue. 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true, Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;

Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read, But all the vision vanished from thy head. 120 And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed, Each silver vase in mystic order laid. First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,/ With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers. A heavenly image in the glass appears, 125 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears; The inferior priestess, at her altar's side, Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride. Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here The various offerings of the world appear; 130 From each she nicely culls with curious toil, And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil. This casket India's glowing gems unlocks, And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. The tortoise here and elephant unite, 135 Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white. Here files of pins extend their shining rows, Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux. Now awful beauty puts on all its arms; The fair each moment rises in her charms, Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace, And calls forth all the wonders of her face; Sees by degrees a purer blush arise, And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes. The busy sylphs surround their darling care, 145 These set the head, and those divide the hair, Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown; And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in the ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her

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Shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,

Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored

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Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves.
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the
fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides, The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides While melting music steals upon the sky, And softened sounds along the waters die; 50 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play, Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay. All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest, The impending woe sat heavy on his breast. He summons straight his denizens of air; 55 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair: Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe, That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath. Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold, Wast on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight, Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light, Loose to the wind their airy garments flew, Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew, Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes, While every beam new transient colours flings, Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast, Superior by the head, was Ariel placed; His purple pinions opening to the sun, He raised his azure wand, and thus begun.

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Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear! Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear! Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned 75 By laws eternal to the aërial kind. Some in the fields of purest ether play, And bask and whiten in the blaze of day. Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high, Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night, Or suck the mists in grosser air below, Or dip their pinions in the painted bow, Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain. Others on earth o'er human race preside, Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide: Of these the chief the care of nations own, And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair, Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;

To save the powder from too rude a gale,	
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;	
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;	95
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers	-
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,	
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;	
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,	
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.	100
This day black omens threat the brightest fair,	
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;	
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;	
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.	
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,	105
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;	
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;	
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;	
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;	
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must	fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:	111
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;	
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;	
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;	
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;	115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.	
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,	
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:	
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,	
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs	of
whale:	
whate.	120

Form a strong line about the silver bound, And guard the wide circumference around. Whatever spirit, careless of his charge, His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large, Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend; Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend; Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair; Some hang upon the pendants of her ear: With beating hearts the dire event they wait, Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

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Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,

To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;

In various talk the instructive hours they past,	
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;	
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,	
And one describes a charming Indian screen;	
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;	15
At every word a reputation dies.	
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,	
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.	
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,	
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;	20
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,	
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;	
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace	,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.	
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,	25
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,	
At ombre singly to decide their doom;	
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.	
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,	
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.	30
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard	
Descend, and sit on each important card:	
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,	
Then each, according to the rank they bore;	
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,	35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.	
Behold, four kings in majesty revered,	
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;	
And four fair queens whose hands sustain	a
flower,	
The expressive emblem of their softer power;	40
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,	
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;	

And parti-coloured troops, a shining train, Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care: 45
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores, In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors. Spadillio first, unconquerable lord! Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50 As many more Manillio forced to yield, And marched a victor from the verdant field. Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard Gained but one trump and one plebeian card. With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears, Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed, The rest, his many-coloured robe concealed. The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage, Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60 Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew, And moved down armies in the fights of Loo, Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid, Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade! 65

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dyed,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

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	22.2
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; The embroidered King who shows but half his face,	75
The embroidered King who shows out have	
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined	
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.	
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,	80
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.	00
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,	
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,	
With like confusion different nations fly,	
Of various habit and of various dye,	0 -
The pierced battalions disunited fall	85
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them an.	
The Knave of Diamonds tries his willy arts,	c
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen	OI
Hearts.	
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,	
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;	90
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,	
Just in the jaws of ruin and codille.	
And now (as oft in some distempered state)	
On one nice trick depends the general fate.	
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen	95
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen	:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,	
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.	
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;	
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.	100
Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,	
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.	
Sudden these honours shall be snatched away,	
And cursed for ever this victorious day.	
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned	,

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;

On shining altars of Japan they raise The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze: From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide, While China's earth receives the smoking tide: 110 At once they gratify their scent and taste, And frequent cups prolong the rich repast. Straight hover round the fair her airy band; Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned, Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed, 115 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade. Coffee (which makes the politician wise, And see through all things with his half-shut eyes) Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late, Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate! Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air, She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair! But when to mischief mortals bend their will, How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

125 Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace A two-edged weapon from her shining case: So ladies in romance assist their knight, Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends The little engine on his fingers' ends; This just behind Belinda's neck he spread, As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head. Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair, 135 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair; And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear; Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies. 156
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their

last,
Or when rich China vessels fallen from high
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cried) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.

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For that sad moment when the sylphs withdrew, And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew, Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite As ever sullied the fair face of light, Down to the central earth, his proper scene, Repaired to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome, And in a vapour reached the dismal dome. No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows, The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.

Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air, And screened in shades from day's detested glare, She sighs for ever on her pensive bed, Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,

Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power: "Hail, wayward queen!

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Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen: Parent of vapours and of female wit, Who give the hysteric or poetic fit, On various tempers act by various ways, Make some take physic, others scribble plays; Who cause the proud their visits to delay, And send the godly in a pet to pray. A nymph there is that all thy power disdains, And thousands more in equal mirth maintains. But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace, Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face, Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame, Or change complexions at a losing game, Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude, Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude, Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease: Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin, That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air

Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.

A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;

There she collects the force of female lungs,

Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears,

Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,

Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,	85
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.	
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,	
And all the Furies issued at the vent.	
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,	
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.	90
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands	and
cried, (While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" re	plied)
"Was it for this you took such constant care	
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?	
For this your locks in paper durance bound,	95
For this your locks in paper durance bearing. For this with torturing irons wreathed around?	,,
For this with torturing from wheathed from For this with fillets strained your tender head,	
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?	
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,	
While the fops envy and the ladies stare?	100
Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine	
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.	
Methinks already I your tears survey,	
Already hear the horrid things they say,	
	105
Already see you a degraded toast,	3
And all your honour in a whisper lost!	
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?	
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!	
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,	110
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,	110
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,	
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?	
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,	
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;	
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,	115
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"	

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs, And bids her beau demand the precious hairs: (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain, And the nice conduct of a clouded cane) 120 With earnest eyes and round unthinking face He first the snuff-box opened, then the case, And thus broke out—" My lord, why, what the devil? Z-ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil! 125

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox! Give her the hair "-he spoke, and rapped his box.

"It grieves me much" (replied the peer again) "Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain. But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear, (Which never more shall join its parted hair; Which never more its honours shall renew, Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew) That while my nostrils draw the vital air, This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear." He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread The long-contended honours of her head.

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But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so; He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow. Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears, Her eyes half-languishing, half-drowned in tears; 140 On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head, Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:-

"For ever cursed be this detested day, Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away! Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen! Yet am not I the first mistaken maid By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.

Oh had I rather unadmired remained In some lone isle or distant northern land; 150 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way, Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea! There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye, Like roses that in deserts bloom and die. What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam? Oh, had I stayed and said my prayers at home! 'Twas this the morning omens seemed to tell, Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell; The tottering china shook without a wind, Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind! 160 A sylph too warned me of the threats of fate In mystic visions, now believed too late! See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs! My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares: These in two sable ringlets taught to break, 165 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone, And in its fellow's fate foresees its own; Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands, And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands. 170 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears. But fate and Jove had stopped the Baron's ears. In vain Thalestris with reproach assails, For who can move when fair Belinda fails?

Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain, While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain. Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan; Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.

"Say why are beauties praised and honoured most, The wise man's passion and the vain man's toast? Why decked with all that land and sea afford, Why angels called, and angel-like adored? Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux, Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows; How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains: That men may say, when we the front-box grace: 'Behold the first in virtue as in face!' Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away, 20 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce, Or who would learn one earthly thing of use? To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint, Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint. But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25 Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey; Since painted or not painted, all shall fade, And she who scorns a man must die a maid; What then remains but well our power to use, And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose? 30 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued:

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So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued; Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All cide in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise, 41
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage, 45
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Love's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song. 60
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies 65
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;

She smiled to see the doughty hero slain, But at her smile the beau revived again.

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Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air, Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair; The doubtful beam long nods from side to side; At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

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See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

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Now meet thy fate, incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

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"Boast not my fall" (he cried), "insulting foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low, Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind: All that I dread is leaving you behind!

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Rather than so, ah let me still survive, And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain

Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,

And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!

The Lock, obtained with guilt and kept with pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in vain:

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,

So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,

The courtiers' promises, and sick man's prayers,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,

- Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea, Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)

A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.

130

The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,

And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey, And hail with music its propitious ray. This the blest lover shall for Venus take, 135 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake. This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies, When next he looks through Galileo's eyes; And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140 Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair, Which adds new glory to the shining sphere! Not all the tresses that fair head can boast Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost. For, after all the murders of your eye, 145 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die: When those fair suns shall set, as set they must, And all those tresses shall be laid in dust, This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame, And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

AN ESSAY ON MAN

TO

H. ST JOHN LORD BOLINGBROKE

THE DESIGN.

Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end to and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points. There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the 15 body—more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these 20 last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering 25

betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose, but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious—that principles, maxims, or precepts so written both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him after-35 wards. The other may seem odd, but is true-I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force, as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. 40 I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious, or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all 45 these without diminution of any of them, I freely

Confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, and leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

Col 2 aunis

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

[The figures in Argument refer to Lines.]

ARGUMENT. - Of man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, 17, etc. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, 35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, 77, etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge and pretending to more perfection the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, 113, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, 131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes, though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, 173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world a universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, 281, etc., to the end.

AWAKE, my St John! leave all meaner things To low ambition and the pride of kings. Let us (since life can little more supply Than just to look about us and to die) Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man; A mighty maze! but not without a plan; A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot; Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit. Together let us beat this ample field, Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar; Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies, And catch the manners living as they rise; Laugh where we must, be candid where we can, 15 But vindicate the ways of God to man. I. Say first, of God above, or man below, What can we reason, but from what we know? Of man, what see we but his station here, From which to reason, or to which refer? 20 Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known, 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own. He, who through vast immensity can pierce, See worlds on worlds compose one universe, Observe how system into system runs,

What other planets circle other suns,

25

What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou
find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be, 4
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;	
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.	60
When the proud steed shall know why man restrain	
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains:	20
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,	
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:	
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend	65
His actions', passions', being's, use, and end;	~)
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why	
This hour a slave, the next a deity.	
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;	
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:	70
His knowledge measured to his state and place;	
His time a moment, and a point his space.	
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,	
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?	
The blest to-day is as completely so,	75
As who began a thousand years ago.	
III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book	of
Fate,	
All but the page prescribed, their present state:	
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:	
Or who could suffer being here below?	80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,	
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?	
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,	
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.	
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,	85
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:	
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,	
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,	
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,	
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.	90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:

Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land be-

hold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies; All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies. Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125 Men would be angels, angels would be gods. Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell, Aspiring to be angels, men rebel: And who but wishes to invert the laws Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause. 130 V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine, Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine: For me kind nature wakes her genial power, Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower; Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew; For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings; For me, health gushes from a thousand springs; Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise; My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140 But errs not nature from this gracious end, From burning suns when livid deaths descend, When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep? "No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause Acts not by partial, but by general laws; The exceptions few; some change since all began: And what created perfect?"—Why then man? If the great end be human happiness, Then nature deviates; and can man do less? 150 As much that end a constant course requires Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires; As much eternal springs and cloudless skies, As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.

	If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design	,
	Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?	156
	Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms	,
	Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,	
	Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,	
	Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?	160
	From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;	
	Account for moral, as for natural things:	
	Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?	
	In both, to reason right is to submit.	
	Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,	165
	Were there all harmony, all virtue here;	
	That never air or ocean felt the wind;	
	That never passion discomposed the mind.	
	But all subsists by elemental strife;	
	And passions are the elements of life.	170
	The general order, since the whole began,	
	Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.	
	VI. What would this man? Now upward will h	e
	soar,	
	And little less than angel, would be more;	
	Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears	175
	To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.	
	Made for his use all creatures if he call,	
	Say what their use, had he the powers of all?	
	Nature to these, without profusion, kind,	
	The proper organs, proper powers assigned;	180
•	Each seeming want compensated of course,	
	Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;	
	All in exact proportion to the state;	
	Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.	
	Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:	185
	Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?	

Shall he alone, whom rational we call, Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all? The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find) Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190 No powers of body or of soul to share, But what his nature and his state can bear. Why has not man a microscopic eye? For this plain reason, man is not a fly. Say what the use, were finer optics given, 195 To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven? Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er, To smart and agonise at every pore? Or quick effluvia darting through the brain, Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200 If nature thundered in his opening ears, And stunned him with the music of the spheres, How would he wish that Heaven had left him still The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill? Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205 Alike in what it gives, and what denies? VII. Far as creation's ample range extends, The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends: Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race, From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme, The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam: Of smell, the headlong lioness between, And hound sagacious on the tainted green: Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215 To that which warbles through the vernal wood! The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine! Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew? 220 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine, Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine! 'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier, For ever separate, yet for ever near! Remembrance and reflection how allied; 225 What thin partitions sense from thought divide: And middle natures, how they long to join, Yet never pass the insuperable line! Without this just gradation, could they be Subjected, these to those, or all to thee? 230 The powers of all subdued by thee alone, Is not thy reason all these powers in one? VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth, All matter quick, and bursting into birth. 235

Above, how high progressive life may go! 235
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee, 240
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll Alike essential to the amazing whole, The least confusion but in one, not all That system only, but the whole must fall.

250

Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly, Planets and suns run lawless through the sky; Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled, Being on being wrecked, and world on world; Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255 And nature tremble to the throne of God. All this dread order break—for whom? for thee? Vile worm !—Oh madness! pride! impiety! IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread, Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head? 260 What if the head, the eye, or ear repined To serve mere engines to the ruling mind? Just as absurd for any part to claim To be another, in this general frame: Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains, 265 The great directing Mind of all ordains. All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul; That, changed through all, and yet in all the same; Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame; 270 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees; Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart: As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns, As the rapt seraph that adores and burns: To him no high, no low, no great, no small; He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280 X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name: Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, "Whatever is, is right."

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

ARGUMENT.-I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, 1-18. The limits of his capacity, 19, etc. II. The two principles of man, selflove and reason, both necessary, 53, etc. Self-love the stronger, and why, 67, etc. Their end the same, 81, etc. III. The passions and their use, 93-130. The predominant passion and its force, 131-160. Its necessity in directing men to different purposes, 165, etc. Its providential use in fixing our principle and ascertaining our virtue, 175. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident. What is the office of reason, 203-216. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, 231, etc. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, 239. How useful they are to society, 249. And to the individuals, 261. In every state and every age of life, 271, etc.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,	
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:	
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;	
Still by himself abused, or disabused;	
Created half to rise, and half to fall;	15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;	
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:	
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!	
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science	
guides,	
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;	20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,	
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;	
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,	
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;	
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,	25
And quitting sense call imitating God;	
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,	
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.	
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—	
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!	30
Superior beings, when of late they saw	
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,	
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,	
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.	
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,	35
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?	
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,	
Explain his own beginning, or his end?	
Alas what wonder! man's superior part	
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;	40
But when his own great work is but begun,	
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.	

Trace science then, with modesty	hy guide .
First strip off all her equipage of prid	ny guide;
Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,	-,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;	45
Or tricks to show the stretch of hum	n brain
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious p	ni orain,
Expunge the whole, or lop the excres	ont post-
Of all our vices have created arts;	cent parts
Then see how little the remaining su	50
Which served the past, and must	the times to
come!	the times to
II. Two principles in human natur	o toion .
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to rest	rain :
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we ca	11
Each works its end, to move or gover	55
And to their proper operation still,	i aii;
Ascribe all good; to their improper,	ii.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts	the coul
Reason's comparing balance rules the	whole
Man, but for that, no action could att	whole. 60
And but for this, were active to no er	d.
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spo	u .
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot	
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through	41.
Destroying others, by himself destroye	the void, 65
Most strength the moving principle	requires .
Active its task, it prompts, impels, ins	oires;
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,	mes.
Formed but to check, deliberate, and	dvice
Self-love still stronger, as its object's r	igh.
Reason's at distance, and in prospect	ign;
That sees immediate good by present	ic.
Reason, the future and the consequen	sense;

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,	75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.	
The action of the stronger to suspend,	
Reason still use, to reason still attend.	
Attention, habit and experience gains;	
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.	80
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to	
fight,	
More studious to divide than to unite;	
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,	
With all the rash dexterity of wit.	
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,	85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.	
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,	
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;	
But greedy that, its object would devour,	
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:	90
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,	
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.	
III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call	;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:	
But since not every good we can divide,	95
And reason bids us for our own provide;	
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,	
List under reason, and deserve her care;	
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,	
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.	100
In lazy apathy let Stoics boast	
Their virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;	
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;	
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:	
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,	105
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.	

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail, Reason the card, but passion is the gale; Nor God alone in the still calm we find, He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. Passions, like elements, though born to fight, Yet, mixed and softened, in his work unite: These 'tis enough to temper and employ; But what composes man, can man destroy? Suffice that reason keep to nature's road, 115 Subject, compound them, follow her and God. Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train, Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain, These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined, Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120 The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife Gives all the strength and colour of our life. Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes; And when in act they cease, in prospect rise: Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125 The whole employ of body and of mind.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses different objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath Receives the lurking principle of death; The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame, The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;

Each vital humour which should feed the whole,	
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:	140
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,	
As the mind opens and its functions spread,	
As the mind opens and its functions spread,	
Imagination plies her dangerous art,	
And pours it all upon the peccant part.	145
Nature its mother, made is its	145
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;	
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,	
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.	
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,	
In this weak queen some favourite still obey:	150
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,	
What can she more than tell us we are fools?	
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,	
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!	
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade	155
The choice we make, or justify it made;	C 2 & C
Proud of an easy conquest all along,	
She but removes weak passions for the strong:	
So, when small humours gather to a gout,	
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.	160
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferred;	2724
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:	
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,	
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:	
A mightier power the strong direction sends,	165
And several men impels to several ends:	
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,	
This drives them constant to a certain coast.	
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,	
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;	170

Through life 'tis followed, even at life's expense; The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence, The monk's humility, the hero's pride, All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

175

180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care, On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear; The surest virtues thus from passions shoot, Wild nature's vigour working at the root. What crops of wit and honesty appear 185 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear! See anger, zeal and fortitude supply; Even avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy; Lust, through some certain strainers well refined, Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190 Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave, Is emulation in the learned or brave; Nor virtue, male or female, can we name, But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind!
Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 205
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the
Tweed; In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
110 Cicutate onthe se
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230
VI. Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And even the best, by fits, what they despise.

Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;	235
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;	0.5
Each individual seeks a several goal;	
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole	e.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;	
That disappoints the effect of every vice;	240
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,	
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,	
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,	
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:	
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,	245
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;	
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,	
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.	i.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,	
A master, or a servant, or a friend,	250
Bids each on other for assistance call,	
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.	
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally	
The common interest, or endear the tie.	
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,	255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;	,
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,	
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign;	
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,	
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.	260
Whate'er the passion - knowledge, fame, or	
pelf—	
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.	
The learned is happy nature to explore,	
The fool is happy that he knows no more;	
The rich is happy in the plenty given,	265
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.	

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
그는 그 하다. 그렇게 되었다. 하는 하는 하는 하는 것이 되었다면 하는 것이 된다. 그리는 얼마나 되는 다시 하는 것이 없었다. 것이 없었다.

270

See some strange comfort every state attend, And pride bestowed on all, a common friend; See some fit passion every age supply, Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

275

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;

280

Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays

285

Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,

290

The scale to measure others' wants by thine.

See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,

'Tis this though man's a fool vet God is wise

'Tis this, though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

ARGUMENT.-I. The whole universe one system of society, 7, etc. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, 27. The happiness of animals mutual, 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, 79. III. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, 109. How far society carried by instinct, 115. How much farther by reason, 131. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, 147. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, 169; and in the forms of society, 179. V. Origin of political societies, 199. Origin of monarchy, 209. VI. Patriarchal government, 215. Origin of true religion and government from the same principle of love, 231, etc. Origin of superstition and tyranny from the same principle of fear, 241, etc. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, 269. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, 283. Mixed government, 289. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, 303, etc.

Here then we rest: "The Universal Cause Acts to one end, but acts by various laws." In all the madness of superfluous health, The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth, Let this great truth be present night and day; But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love Combining all below and all above.

See plastic nature working to this end,

The single atoms each to other tend,

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10

Attract, attracted to, the next in place Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace. See matter next, with various life endued, Press to one centre still, the general good. See dying vegetables life sustain, 15 See life dissolving vegetate again: All forms that perish other forms supply, (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die) Like bubbles on the sea of matter born, They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20 Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole; One all-extending all-preserving soul Connects each being, greatest with the least; Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast; All served, all serving: nothing stands alone; 25 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown. Has God, thou fool! worked solely for thy good, Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food? Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn, For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn: 30 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings? Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings. Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat? Loves of his own and raptures swell the note. The bounding steed you pompously bestride 35 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride. Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain? The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain. Thine the full harvest of the golden year? Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,

Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care;	
The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.	
While man exclaims, "See all things for my	
use!"	45
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:	
And just as short of reason he must fall	
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.	
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;	
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:	50
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,	
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.	
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,	
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?	
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?	55
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?	
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,	
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;	
For some his interest prompts him to provide,	
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:	60
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy	
The extensive blessing of his luxury.	
That very life his learned hunger craves,	
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;	
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,	65
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;	
Which sees no more the stroke or feels the pain,	
Than favoured man by touch ethereal slain.	
The creature had his feast of life before;	
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!	70
To each unthinking being Heaven, a friend,	
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:	
To man imparts it; but with such a view	
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:	

The hour concealed, and so remote the fear,	75
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.	
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assigned	
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.	
II. Whether with reason or with instinct blest,	
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them	
best;	80
To bliss alike by that direction tend,	
And find the means proportioned to their end.	
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,	
What Pope or Council can they need beside?	
Reason, however able, cool at best,	85
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,	
Stays till we call, and then not often near;	
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,	
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;	
While still too wide or short is human wit;	90
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,	
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.	
This too serves always, reason never long;	
One must go right, the other may go wrong.	
See then the acting and comparing powers	95
One in their nature, which are two in ours;	
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,	
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.	
Who taught the nations of the field and flood	
10 shull their poison, and to energy	100
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,	
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?	
Who made the spider parallels design,	
Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line?	
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore	105
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before	2

Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:

But as he framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature linked to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air or shoots beneath the

Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds. Not man alone, but all that roam the wood, Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120 Each loves itself, but not itself alone, Each sex desires alike, till two are one. Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace; They love themselves, a third time, in their race. Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125 The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend; The young dismissed to wander earth or air, There stops the instinct, and there ends the care; The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace, Another love succeeds, another race. 130 A longer care man's helpless kind demands; That longer care contracts more lasting bands: Reflection, reason, still the ties improve, At once extend the interest, and the love; With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn; And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise, That graft benevolence on charities.

Still as one brood, and as another rose, These natural love maintained, habitual those: 140 The last, scarce ripened into perfect man, Saw helpless him from whom their life began: Memory and forecast just returns engage, That pointed back to youth, this on to age; While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined, 145 Still spread the interest, and preserved the kind. IV. Nor think in nature's state they blindly

trod;

The state of nature was the reign of God: Self-love and social at her birth began, Union the bond of all things, and of man. 150 Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid; Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade; The same his table, and the same his bed; No murder clothed him, and no murder fed. In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155 All vocal beings hymned their equal God: The shrine with gore unstained, with gold undrest, Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest: Heaven's attribute was universal care, And man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come! Of half that live the butcher and the tomb; Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan, Murders their species, and betrays his own. But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165 And every death its own avenger breeds; The fury-passions from that blood began, And turned on man a fiercer savage, man. See him from nature rising slow to art! To copy instinct then was reason's part; 170

Thus then to man the voice of nature spake-"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take: Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield; Learn from the beasts the physic of the field; Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave: Learn of the little nautilus to sail, Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale Here too all forms of social union find, And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind: 180 Here subterranean works and cities see; There towns aerial on the waving tree. Learn each small people's genius, policies, The ant's republic, and the realm of bees; How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185 And anarchy without confusion know; And these for ever, though a monarch reign, Their separate cells and properties maintain. Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state, Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate. 190 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw, Entangle justice in her net of law, And right, too rigid, harden into wrong; Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong. Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey; And, for those arts mere instinct could afford, Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored." V. Great nature spoke; observant man obeyed; Cities were built, societies were made: 200 Here rose one little state; another near Grew by like means, and joined, through love or

fear.

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225

230

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend, And there the streams in purer rills descend? What war could ravish, commerce could bestow, 205 And he returned a friend, who came a foe. Converse and love mankind might strongly draw, When love was liberty, and nature law. Thus states were formed; the name of king unknown Till common interest placed the sway in one. 210 'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms, Diffusing blessings, or averting harms), The same which in a sire the sons obeyed, A prince the father of a people made. VI. Till then, by nature crowned, each patriarch 215

sate, King, priest, and parent of his growing state; On him, their second Providence, they hung, Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue. He from the wondering furrow called the food, Taught to command the fire, control the flood, Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound, Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground. Till drooping, sickening, dying they began Whom they revered as God to mourn as man: Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored One great first Father, and that first adored. Or plain tradition that this All begun, Conveyed unbroken faith from sire to son; The worker from the work distinct was known, And simple reason never sought but one: Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light, Man, like his maker, saw that all was right; To virtue, in the paths of pleasure, trod, And owned a father when he owned a God.

Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then;	235
For nature knew no right divine in men,	~33
No ill could fear in God; and understood	
A sovereign being but a sovereign good.	
True faith, true policy, united ran,	
This was but love of God, and this of man.	240
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undor	1e.
The enormous faith of many made for one;	,
That proud exception to all nature's laws,	
To invert the world, and counter-work its cause?	
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;	
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,	246
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,	7.40
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:	
She 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound	
When rocked the mountains, and when groaned the	e
ground,	250
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray	
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:	
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,	
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:	
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes;	255
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;	
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,	
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;	
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,	
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.	260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;	
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride,	
Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more;	
Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore:	
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;	265
Next his grim idol smeared with human blood;	

With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,	
And played the god an engine on his foe.	
So drives self-love, through just and through t	111-
iust.	
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:	270
The same self-love in all becomes the cause	
Of what restrains him, government and laws.	
For, what one likes if others like as well,	
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?	
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,	275
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?	
His safety must his liberty restrain:	
All join to guard what each desires to gain.	
Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,	
Even kings learned justice and benevolence:	280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,	
And found the private in the public good.	
'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,	
Follower of God or friend of humankind,	
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore	285
The faith and moral nature gave before;	
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new;	
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:	
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,	
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,	290
The less, or greater, set so justly true,	
That touching one must strike the other too;	
Till jarring interests of themselves create	
The according music of a well-mixed state.	
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs	295
From order, union, full consent of things:	
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, m	ade

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;

More powerful each as needful to the rest, And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; Draw to one point, and to one centre bring Beast, man, or angel	300
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king. For forms of government let fools contest; Whate'er is best administered is best: For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; His can't be wrong whose life is in the right: In faith and hope the world will disagree, But all mankind's concern is charity:	305
All must be false that thwart this one great end; And all of God that bless mankind or mend. Man, like the generous vine, supported lives; The strength he gains is from the embrace he give	310
On their own axis as the planets run, Yet make at once their circle round the sun; So two consistent motions act the soul; And one regards itself, and one the whole. Thus God and nature linked the general frame, And bade self-love and social be the same.	315

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

ARGUMENT.-I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from 19-27. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, 35. As it is necessary for order and the peace and welfare of society that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, 49. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence by the two passions of hope and fear, 67. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature or of fortune, 93. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, 131, etc. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with or destructive of virtue, 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, 185; honours, 193; nobility, 205; greatness, 217; fame, 237; superior talents, 259, etc. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, 269, etc. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal and whose prospect eternal, 309, etc. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, 327, etc.

Oh happiness! our being's end and aim! Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name: That something still which prompts the eternal sigh, For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,	-
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise.	5
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,	
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?	
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine	
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?	
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,	10
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?	
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our	
toil,	
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:	
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,	-
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;	15
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,	
And fled from monarchs, St John! dwells with thee.	
I. Ask of the learned the way? The learned are bli	nd.
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;	
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,	20
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;	
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;	
Some swelled to gods, confess even virtue vain;	
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,	The same
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.	25
Who thus define it, say they more or less	
Than this, that happiness is happiness?	
II. Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;	
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;	
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;	30
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;	
And mourn our various portions as we please,	
Equal is common sense and common ease.	
Remember, man, the Universal Cause	
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;	35
; but by general laws;	

And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No caverned hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law: and this confessed.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed, Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence That such are happier, shocks all common-sense. Heaven to mankind impartial we confess, If all are equal in their happiness: But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace. Condition, circumstance is not the thing; Bliss is the same in subject or in king, In who obtain defence, or who defend, In him who is, or him who finds a friend: Heaven breathes through every member of the whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But fortune's gifts if each alike possessed,

And each were equal, must not all contest?

If then to all men happiness was meant,

God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose, And these be happy called, unhappy those; But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear: 70
Nor present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

75

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise, By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies? Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys, And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence. 80
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
85
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:

And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below, Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe! Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest. But fools the good alone unhappy call, For ills or accidents that chance to all. See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just! See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust!

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!	
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?	
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gav	e,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?	
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,	105
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?	
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath	
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?	
Or why so long (in life if long can be)	
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?	110
What makes all physical or moral ill?	
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.	
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,	
Or partial ill is universal good,	
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,	115
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.	
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain	
That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,	
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease	
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.	120
IV. Think we, like some weak prince, the	
Eternal Cause	
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?	
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,	
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?	
On air or sea new motions be imprest,	125
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?	
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,	
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?	
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,	
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?	130
V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)	
Contents us not. A better shall we have?	
G	

A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true, 145
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more blest? who chained his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread? 150
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No-shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health, and power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven?"
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:

Immense the power, immense were the demand; 165 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

VI. What nothing earthly gives or can destroy, The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy, Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix? Then give humility a coach and six, 170 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown, Or public spirit its great cure, a crown. Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there With the same trash mad mortals wish for here? The boy and man an individual makes; 175 Yet sighest thou now for apples and for cakes? Go, like the Indian, in another life Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife, As well as dream such trifles are assigned As toys and empires for a god-like mind. 180 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring No joy, or be destructive of the thing: How oft by these at sixty are undone The virtues of a saint at twenty-one! To whom can riches give repute or trust, 185 Content or pleasure, but the good and just? Judges and senates have been bought for gold, Esteem and love were never to be sold. Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind, The lover and the love of humankind, 190 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,

Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made, 195
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

100 POPE.

The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and
cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.

You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or [slaves] of kings. 206
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. 210
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? 215
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.

220

225

But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great: 230
Who wickedly is wise or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike, or when, or where they shone or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave; 250
When what to oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know how little can be known; To see all others' faults, and feel our own: Condemned in business or in arts to drudge, Without a second, or without a judge: Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265 All fear, none aid you, and few understand. Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view Above life's weakness, and its comforts too. Bring then these blessings to a strict account; Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: 270 How much of other each is sure to cost; How each for other oft is wholly lost; How inconsistent greater goods with these; How sometimes life is risked, and always ease: Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall? To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly, Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy: Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life? Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife: 280 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined, The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind: Or ravished with the whistling of a name, See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame! If all, united, thy ambition call, 285 From ancient story learn to scorn them all. There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great, See the false scale of happiness complete! In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay, How happy those to ruin, these betray! 290 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows, From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran, And all that raised the hero, sunk the man: Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295 But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold: Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease, Or infamous for plundered provinces. Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame! 300 What greater bliss attends their close of life? Some greedy minion or imperious wife. The trophied arches, storied halls invade And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade. Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305 Compute the morn and evening to the day; The whole amount of that enormous fame, A tale, that blends their glory with their shame! VII. Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below." 310 The only point where human bliss stands still, And tastes the good without the fall to ill; Where only merit constant pay receives, Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives; The joy unequalled, if its end it gain, 315 And if it lose, attended with no pain: Without satiety, though e'er so blessed, And but more relished as the more distressed: The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears, Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears: 320 Good, from each object, from each place acquired, For ever exercised, yet never tired; Never elated while one man's oppressed; Never dejected while another's blest;

Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any blice can know
But touches some above and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows, where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of man.
For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss.
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless beart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
-,,,, chemics have part.

Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

360

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Sounds around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along; Oh master of the poet and the song! And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375 To man's low passions or their glorious ends, Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise, To fall with dignity, with temper rise; Formed by thy converse happily to steer From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease, Intent to reason, or polite to please. Oh! while along the stream of time thy name Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame, Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose, Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,

Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.



EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of "Verses to the Imitator of Horace" and of an "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court") to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me 10 not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing 15 pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please—the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend—the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there 20 being not a circumstance but what is true; but I

have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said, Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead. The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out: Fire in each eye and papers in each hand, They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide? They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide; By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

10

Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a stanza when he should engross?

Is there who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?

12	POPE.	
Α	Il fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain	
A	pply to me, to keep them mad or vain.	
A	rthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,	
I	mputes to me and my damned works the cause:	
P	oor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,	25
Λ	and curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.	Ī
	Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,	
T	he world had wanted many an idle song)	
11	Vhat drop or nostrum can this plague remove?	
O	or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?	30
A	dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,	
I	foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.	
S	eized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!	
W	Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.	
Т	o laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,	35
	and to be grave, exceeds all power of face.	
	sit with sad civility, I read	
	Vith honest anguish and an aching head;	
	and drop at last, but in unwilling ears,	
	his saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."	,

"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury Lane, Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,

Obliged by hunger and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it, 45 I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound, My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace, I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50 "Pitholeon libelled me,"—"but here's a letter Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues, 55
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends; 60
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
And shame the fools-Your interest, sir, with Lintot."
"Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:"
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks; 65
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks:"
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
His very minister who spied them first,
(Some say his queen) was forced to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous
things, 75
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick;
'Tis nothing— P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,	85
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:	
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,	
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.	
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,	er i
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:	90
Destroy his fib or sophistry—in vain!	
The creature's at his dirty work again,	
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,	
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!	
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,	95
Lost the arched eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?	
And has not Colley still [his lordling's door?]	
His butchers Henley, his freemasons Moore?	
Does not one table Bavius still admit?	
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?	100
Still Sappho A. Hold! for God's sake—you'	11
offend,	
No names !- be calm !- learn prudence of a friend.	
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;	
But foes like these— P . One flatterer's worse than	n all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,	105
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.	
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:	
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.	
One dedicates in high heroic prose,	
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:	110
One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,	
And more abusive, calls himself my friend.	
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,	
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"	
There are who to my person pay their court:	115
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short,	

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobeyed.

The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life, To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care, And teach the being you preserved, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read;
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140
And St John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes. 146

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,	
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.	150
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;	
I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.	
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;	
I never answered,—I was not in debt.	
If want provoked, or madness made them print,	155
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.	
Did some more sober critic come abroad;	
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.	
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,	
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.	160
Commas and points they set exactly right,	
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.	
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,	
From slashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:	
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans ar	ıd
spells,	165
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,	
Even such small critics some regard may claim,	
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.	
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms	
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!	170
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,	
But wonder how the devil they got there	
Were others angry: I excused them too;	
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due	20
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;	175
But each man's secret standard in his mind,	
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,	
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?	
The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,	
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,	180

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines
a-year;

He, who still wanting, though he lives on thest,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.

190
How did they sume, and stamp, and roar, and chase!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires True genius kindles and fair fame inspires; Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195 And born to write, converse, and live with ease: Should such a man, too fond to rule alone, Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne, View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes, And hate for arts that caused himself to rise; 200 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer, And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer, Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike; Alike reserved to blame or to commend, 205 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend; Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged, And so obliging that he ne'er obliged; Like Cato, give his little senate laws, And sit attentive to his own applause; 210 While wits and Templars every sentence raise, And wonder with a foolish face of praise,—

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be? Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls, Or plaistered posts in [staring] capitals? 216 Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load, On wings of winds came flying all abroad? I sought no homage from the race that write; I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220 Poems I heeded (now berhymed so long) No more than thou, great George! a birthday song. I ne'er with wits or witlings passed my days, To spread about the itch of verse and praise; Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down; Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and cried, With handkerchief and orange at my side; But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate, To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230 Proud as Apollo on his forkèd hill Sat full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill; Fed with soft dedication all day long, Horace and he went hand in hand in song. His library (where busts of poets dead 235 And a true Pindar stood without a head,) Received of wits an undistinguished race, Who first his judgment asked, and then a place: Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat, And flattered every day, and some days eat: 240 Till grown more frugal in his riper days, He paid some bards with port, and some with

To some a dry rehearsal was assigned, And others (harder still) he paid in kind.

praise,

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,	245
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:	
But still the great have kindness in reserve,	
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.	
May some choice patron bless each grey goose qu	ill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!	250
So, when a statesman wants a day's defence,	
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,	
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,	
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!	
Blest be the great! for those they take away,	255
And those they left me, for they left me Gay;	
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,	
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:	
Of all thy blameless life the sole return	
My verse, and Queensbury weeping o'er thy urn!	260
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!	
(To live and die is all I have to do:)	
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,	
And see what friends, and read what books I please	;
Above a patron, though I condescend	265
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.	
I was not born for courts or great affairs;	
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;	
Can sleep without a poem in my head;	
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.	270
Why am I asked what next shall see the light?	
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?	
Has life no joys for me? or, (to be grave)	
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?	
'I found him close with Swift"-"Indeed? no	
doubt,"	275
Cries prating Balbus), "something will come out,"	

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.	
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"	
And then for mine obligingly mistakes	
The first lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.	280
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,	
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?	
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,	
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,	
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,	285
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!	
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,	
Insults fallen worth or beauty in distress,	
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,	
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;	290
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,	
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;	
Who can your merit selfishly approve,	
And show the sense of it without the love;	
Who has the vanity to call you friend,	295
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;	
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,	
And if he lie not, must at least betray;	
Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,	
And sees at Canons what was never there;	300
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,	
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie.	
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,	
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.	
Let Sporus tremble—— A. What? that this	ng of
silk,	305
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?	
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?	
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?	

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,	
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;	310
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,	
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:	
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight	
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.	
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,	315
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.	
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,	
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeak	s;
And, as the prompter of Euro, familiar toad	
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,	320
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad	5
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,	
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.	
His wit all sea-saw, between that and this,	
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,	325
And he himself one vile antithesis.	323
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,	
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,	
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,	
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.	
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,	330
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;	
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;	
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.	
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,	
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,	335
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,	
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:	
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,	
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.	
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,	340
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song:	

122

That not for fame, but virtue's better end,	
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,	
The damning critic, half approving wit,	
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;	345
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,	
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;	
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,	
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;	
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,	350
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;	
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,	
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;	
Abuse on all he loved or loved him spread,	
A friend in exile, or a father dead;	355
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,	
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear :-	
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past;	
For thee, fair virtue! welcome even the last!	
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?	360
P. A knave's a knave to me in every state:	
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,	
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,	
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,	
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;	365
If on a pillory, or near a throne,	
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.	
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,	
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;	
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess	370
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:	
So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,	
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed	for
Moore.	
ALA MANA ME	

Full ten years slandered, did he once reply? Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie. 375 To please a mistress one aspersed his life; He lashed him not, but let her be his wife. Let Budgel charge low Grub Street on his quill, And write whate'er he pleased, except his will; Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse 380 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse. Yet why? that father held it for a rule, It was a sin to call our neighbour fool: That harmless mother [malice never bore]: Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385 Unspotted names, and memorable long! If there be force in virtue or in song. Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause, While yet in Britain honour had applause) Each parent sprung—— A. What fortune, pray?— 390 P. Their own, And better got than Bestia's from the throne. Born to no pride, inheriting no strife, Nor marrying discord in a noble wife, Stranger to civil and religious rage, The good man walked innoxious through his age. 395 Nor courts he saw, no suits would ever try, Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie. Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art, No language but the language of the heart. By nature honest, by experience wise, 400 Healthy by temperance and by exercise; His life, though long, to sickness past unknown, His death was instant and without a groan. O grant me thus to live and thus to die! Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:

Me let the tender office long engage

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky!

On cares like these if length of days attend,

May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,

And just as rich as when he served a queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given, Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

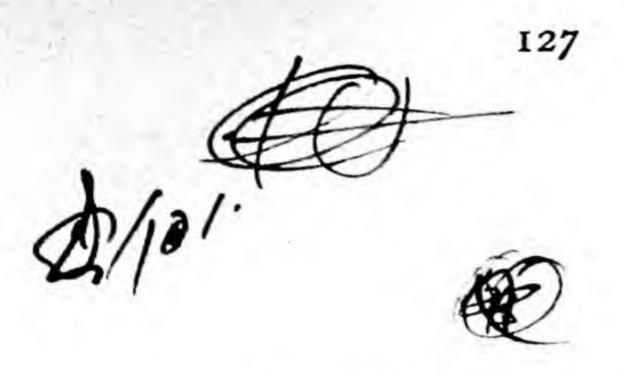
ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate, —Admonebat Praetores ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri, etc. The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an 20

apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his cotemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of 30 learning and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state, and concludes 40 that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.



EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS.

While you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

5

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame, And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name, After a life of generous toils endured, The Gaul subdued, or property secured, 10 Ambition humbled, mighty cities stormed, Or laws established, and the world reformed, Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find The unwilling gratitude of base mankind! All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15 Finds envy never conquered but by death. The great Alcides, every labour past, Had still this monster to subdue at last. Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20 Oppressed we feel the beam directly beat, Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee the world its present homage pays, The harvest early, but mature the praise:

Great friend of Liberty! in kings a name Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:	25
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered	
As heaven's own oracles from altars heard.	
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes	
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.	22
Just in one instance, be it yet confest	30
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:	
Foes to all living worth except your own,	
And advocates for folly dead and gone.	
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow	
old;	
It is the rust we value, not the gold.	35
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,	
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:	
One likes no language but the Facry Queen;	
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;	40
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,	40
He swears the muses met him at The Devil.	
Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,	
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?	
In every public virtue we excel;	
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,	45
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,	
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.	
If time improve our wit as well as wine,	
Say at what age a poet grows divine?	
	50
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so	
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?	
End all dispute; and fix the year precise	
When British bards begin to immortalise?	
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw,	55
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."	

60

80

85

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?

And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;

By courtesy of England, he may do."

Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow:

While you to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespeare (whom you and every play-house bill Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)

For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

Ben, old and poor, as little seemed to heed

The life to come, in every poet's creed.

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;

Forget his epic, nay Pindaric art;

But still I love the language of his heart.

"Yet surely, sure!y, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment checked what Fletcher writ;

How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; the people's voice is odd, It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90 To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays, And yet deny the Careless Husband praise, Or say our fathers never broke a rule, Why then, I say, the public is a fool. But let them own that greater faults than we 95 They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree. Spenser himself affects the obsolete, And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet: Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound, Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground, In quibbles angel and archangel join, And God the Father turns a school-divine. Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book, Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook, Or damn all Shakespeare, like the affected fool 105 At court, who hates whate'er he read at school. But for the wits of either Charles's days, The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease, Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more, (Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) IIO One simile, that solitary shines In the dry desert of a thousand lines, Or lengthened thought that gleams through many a page, Has sanctified whole poems for an age. I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115 When works are censured, not as bad but new; While if our elders break all reason's laws, These fools demand not pardon, but applause. On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow, If I but ask if any weed can grow; 120

One tragic sentence if I dare deride Which Betterton's grave action dignified, Or well-mouthed Booth with emphasis proclaims, (Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names) How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125 And swear, all shame is lost in George's age! You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign, Did not some grave examples yet remain, Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill, And, having once been wrong will be so still. 130 He, who to seem more deep than you or I, Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy, Mistake him not; he envies, not admires, And to debase the sons, exalts the sires. Had ancient times conspired to disallow 135 What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remained, so worthy to be read By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored; In every taste of foreign courts improved, "All, by the king's example, lived and loved." Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel, Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell; The soldier breathed the gallantries of France, 145 And every flowery courtier writ romance. Then marble, softened into life, grew warm; And yielding metal flowed to human form: Lely on animated canvas stole The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150 No wonder then, when all was love and sport, The willing muses were debauched at court:

On each enervate string they taught the note	
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.	
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,	155
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.	
Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;	
Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State;	
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;	
Effects unhappy from a noble cause.	160
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock	
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,	
Instruct his family in every rule,	
And send his wife to church, his son to school.	
To worship like his fathers was his care;	165
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;	
To prove that luxury could never hold;	
And place on good security his gold.	
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch	
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich:	170
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear th	e
bays,	
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,	
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,	
And all our grace at table is a song.	
I, who so oft renounce the muses, lie,	175
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;	
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,	0
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more	;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,	
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.	180
He served a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;	
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;	
Even Radcliss's doctors travel first to France,	
Nor dare to practise till they've learned to dance	2.

Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile? 185 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)

But those who cannot write, and those who can, All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels or plots like other men;
Flight of cashiers or mobs he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend or ward he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose Who says in verse what others say in prose; Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight, And (though no soldier) useful to the State. What will a child learn sooner than a song? 205 What better teach a foreigner the tongue? What's long or short, each accent where to place, And speak in public with some sort of grace? I scarce can think him such a worthless thing, Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210 Or virtue, or religion turn to sport, To please a lewd or unbelieving court. Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days, Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays; And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215

No whiter page than Addison remains.

He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth, And sets the passions on the side of truth, Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art, And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220 Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause, Her trade supported, and supplied her laws; And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved: "The rights a court attacked, a poet saved." Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure 225 Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor, Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn, And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn. Not but there are who merit other palms; Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms: The boys and girls whom charity maintains, 231 Implore your help in these pathetic strains: How could devotion touch the country pews, Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse? Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work, 235 Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.

The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:

246
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow, and opened every soul:

With growing years the pleasing licence grew, And taunts alternate innocently flew. 250 But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined, Produced the point that left a sting behind; Till friend with friend, and families at strife, Triumphant malice raged through private life. Who felt the wrong, or feared it, took the alarm, 255 Appealed to law, and justice lent her arm. At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound, The poets learned to please, and not to wound: Most warped to flattery's side; but some, more nice, Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260 Hence satire rose that just the medium hit, And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms; Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms; Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265 Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow. Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join The varying verse, the full-resounding line, The long majestic march, and energy divine. Though still some traces of our rustic vein 270 And splay-foot verse remained, and will remain. Late, very late, correctness grew our care, When the tired nation breathed from civil war. Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire, Showed us that France had something to admire. 275 Not but the tragic spirit was our own, And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone: But Otway failed to polish or refine, And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line. Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire The humbler Muse of Comedy require. But in known images of life, I guess The labour greater, as the indulgence less. 285 Observe how seldom even the best succeed: Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed? What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ! How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit! The stage how loosely does Astræa tread, 290 Who fairly puts all characters to bed! And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws, To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause! But fill their purse, our poet's work is done, Alike to them, by pathos or by pun. 295 O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise, With what a shifting gale your course you ply, For ever sunk too low, or borne too high! Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows. Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play, The silly bard grows fat, or falls away. There still remains, to mortify a wit, The many-headed monster of the pit: 305 A senseless, worthless, and unhonoured crowd, Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud, Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke, Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke. What dear delight to Britons farce affords! 310 Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords; (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes).

The play stands still; damn action and discourse, Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse; 315 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn, Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn; The champion too! and, to complete the jest, Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast. With laughter sure Democritus had died, 320 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide. Let bear or elephant be e'er so white, The people, sure, the people are the sight! Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar, That bear or elephant shall heed thee more; 325 While all its throats the gallery extends, And all the thunder of the pit ascends! Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep, Howl to the roarings of the northern deep. Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat; Or when from court a birthday suit bestowed, Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load. Booth enters—hark! the universal peal! "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335 What shook the stage and made the people stare? Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume to instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;

345

And snatch me o'er the earth or through the air, To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where. But not this part of the poetic state Alone deserves the favour of the great; Think of those authors, sir, who would rely 350 More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye. Or who shall wander where the Muses sing? Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring? How shall we fill a library with wit, When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnished yet? 355 My liege! why writers little claim your thought, I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault: We poets are (upon a poet's word) Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd: The season when to come and when to go, 360 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know; And if we will recite nine hours in ten, You lose your patience, just like other men. Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend A single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365 Repeat unasked; lament the wit's too fine For vulgar eyes, and point out every line. But most, when straining with too weak a wing, We needs will write epistles to the king; And from the moment we oblige the town, 370 Expect a place, or pension from the crown; Or dubbed historians, by express command, To enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land, Be called to court to plan some work divine, As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine. 375 Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown) Ah think, what poet best may make them known?

405

Or choose at least some minister of grace, Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assigned his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judged of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king or conquering chief,
E'er swelled on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polished verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you traversed and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wondered while they dropped the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in
sleep;

Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne,—
But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains,
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.

A vile encomium doubly ridicules:

There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"

Well may he blush who gives it, or receives;

And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves

(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things

As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)

Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,

Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

NOTES.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

4. sense, judgment, critical sense.

5. in that, in tiring our patience by writing badly.

in this, in misleading us by bad criticism.

6. censure, to pass a judgment on, without implying fault-

finding. Cf. 1. 596.

- 11, 12. Genius is rare in any sphere. Taste is the negative side of genius, and to reach a high standard of excellence in criticism is an easier task than to create a first-class work of art.
- 15, 16. The whole history of criticism is against Pope's precept. While Aristotle is known to have written several short pieces, he is not counted among the poets. But what of Longinus and of Quintilian? What creative work have they to show? Dr Johnson has given his opinion on the subject in characteristic fashion: "You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables." Addison, in 'The Tatler,' agrees with Pope: "It is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another who has not distinguished himself by his own performances." It is remarkable that Pope should have written these two lines after separating the two faculties in 1. 14—
 - "These born to judge, as well as those to write."
 - 17. wit, genius, creative power.
- 24. the more disgraced. Taken literally, this would imply that the outline itself lacked grace, but Pope evidently means

that the bad colouring makes a failure of what was passable before.

- 26. the maze of schools, the various critical systems in conflict with one another.
- 27. This is badly expressed. Some, whom nature intended merely for fools, become coxcombs, or fools with a high opinion of themselves.
 - 28. wit, novelty of thought.
- 29. turn critics in their own defence. Elwin compares Dryden, 'The Medal,' l. 51—

"The wretch turned loyal in his own defence."

Another parallel occurs in Dryden's Prologue to 'Amphitryon,' in which he complains that the demands of the public on writers for the stage are such as to give poor writers the advantage—

- "The blockhead stands excused for wanting sense; And wits turn blockheads in their own defence."
- 30, 31. I.e., those who can write burn with the spite of a rival; those who cannot write burn with the spite of power-lessness.
 - 32, 33. This couplet is quite irrelevant.
- 34. Mævius, a bad poet in the time of Virgil and Horace. His name has become proverbial for a wretched poetaster.
 - 35. there are who, a Latinism—sunt qui.
 - 36. wits, witty men.
 - 38. neither should stand after "can."
- 39. Elwin says the comparison fails in the essential point, because, while these witlings are inferior to wits and critics, the mule is superior in speed and strength to the ass. But the point is that both are crosses, cannot be classed, and are barren.
- 41. insects on the banks of Nile. Dryden has several references to these products of the sun and the mud of the Nile. Cf. Shakespeare, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' i. 2—

"By the fire that quickens Nilus slime"-

and 'Satires of Dr Donne Versified,' iv. 28-

"A verier monster, than on Afric's shore The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore." 43. their generation's so equivocal. In scientific phraseology, "equivocal" or "spontaneous" generation means the origin of animals from no known parents.

44. to tell 'em, to count them. Cf. Milton, 'L'Allegro'-

"Every shepherd tells his tale."

So we speak of the "teller" in a bank. "Em" is not a contraction of "them," but of "hem," the old dative plural.

48-50. Possibly imitated from Horace, 'Ars Poet.'; but

Horace is speaking to authors, not to critics.

51. "In whatsoever subject the critic's taste no longer accompanies his judgment, there he may be assured he is going out of his depth" (Warburton).

53. pretending wit, ambitious intellect.

- 56-59. While it is possible to point to exceptional instances, it cannot be laid down as a general rule that a brilliant intellect implies a feeble memory, that a fine imagination and a retentive memory are incompatible. While it is true that undue cultivation of the receptive powers weakens the faculty of original thought, the imagination cannot dispense with memory. Warton and Elwin insinuate that Pope here confounds imagination and understanding. But there is no need to assume that the second couplet is intended as the converse of the former.
 - 61. wit, intellect.

62. peculiar, particular. Cf. l. 244.

66. his several province, his own private department, which has been "severed" from the rest. Cf. 1. 323.

68-73. This sounds delightfully simple. Mr Leslie Stephen says: "Pope would have been puzzled if asked to define precisely what he meant by the antithesis between nature and art." Pope re-states the precept in 11. 88-91, 130-140, and 724, but he is merely moving in a circle. For him nature is a purely conventional standard.

76. informing, giving life and shape to the body. When, in Shakespeare ('Macbeth,' ii. 1), Macbeth sees the air-drawn dagger, and says—

"It is the bloody business which informs Thus to mine eyes,"—

he means that the murder takes shape before him.

76-79. Cf. Sheffield, 'Essay on Poetry'-

- "A spirit which inspires the work throughout, As that of nature moves the world about; Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown."
- 80, 81. There is a play here on the meanings of the word "wit." In 1. 80 it means "imagination," and in 1. 81 "as much more" means "judgment" to direct it to proper ends and keep it within limits.
- 86. generous, in the sense of the Latin generosus, high-born, noble.
- 88, 89. The rules of the critics were not invented by them, but were deduced from the works of great writers who had followed nature unconsciously.
- 90, 91. "The art itself is nature," but Pope has chosen a peculiar way of saying it. In the first edition "monarchy" stood in place of "liberty."
- 94. Parnassus, the mountain of Apollo and the Muses, in Phocis.
- 96. the immortal prize. This is said to refer to the prize offered to the dramatists at Athens, at the festival of Dionysus; but more likely it means "the prize of immortality."

103. to dress her charms. Pope is fond of such figures.

- "True wit is nature to advantage dressed" (l. 297)
- "Expression is the dress of thought" (l. 318).
- "If faith has different dresses worn" (l. 446).
- "Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine."

 ('Moral Essays,' ii. 13.)

105. win the mistress, wooed the maid. This is an early instance of Pope's mastery of antithetic alliteration.

of Pope. These lines were probably suggested by a passage in the former's epistle, 'To my Honoured Kinsman, John Driden,' from which Pope also took the phrase, "the physic of the field" in the 'Essay on Man':—

"Garth, generous as his Muse, prescribes and gives; The shopman sells, and by destruction lives: Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey, and let the learned prescribe,
That men may die without a double bribe;
Let them, but under their superiors, kill,
When doctors first have signed the bloody bill:
He 'scapes the best, who, nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air."

112. This silly contempt for scholars, emendators, and philologists, who make the rough ways smooth for readers, never left Pope.

117. Cf. 'Dunciad,' iv. 251-254-

"For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it, And write about it, Goddess, and about it: So spins the silkworm small its slender store, And labours till it clouds itself all o'er."

118-123. If we substitute "writer's" for "ancient's" in 1. 119, this becomes a sterling precept. But the method of criticism which judged a writer entirely by rules derived from a study of classical literature is now discredited. At the same time, just because Greek literature exhibits the natural evolution of literary forms and the principles of simplicity, propriety, proportion, and harmony, a first-hand knowledge of it is a splendid investment.

120. fable, in the Latin sense of "plot," "story."

121. genius of his age. "Environment" is the favourite word now.

124, 125. From Horace, 'Ars Poet.,' 1l. 268, 269-

"Vos exemplaria Græca Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,"

Cf. Sheffield, 'Essay on Poetry'-

"Read Homer once and you can read no more, For all books else appear so mean and poor; Verse will seem prose, but still persist to read And Homer will be all the books you need."

Observe that Horace does not, like Pope and Sheffield, confine his advice to Homer. This, with the foregoing lines, is a piece

of cant on the part of Pope, who could not read Homer comfortably without a "crib."

128. Applied to any writer, this is sound advice.

129. the Mantuan muse, the poetry of Publius Virgilius Maro, who was born at Andes, near Mantua. Surely Homer ought to be the commentary on Virgil—that is, one must judge of Virgil's success by comparing him with his original.

130. boundless is an absurd exaggeration if taken absolutely. But Pope probably refers to the wild dreams of untried youth.

- 131. "It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs, which he found above his years, and decided first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in heroic poetry" (Pope).
- 135, 136. If nature and Homer were the same, it was not bolder to copy nature than to copy Homer. Of course, no single poet can represent the whole of nature. But in the 'Æneid' he copied also Apollonius Rhodius. Was he the same as nature? Pope is the man of his age in ignoring the fact that Virgil, like Milton, produced a literary epic, while Homer's is a folk-epic which grew up like a plant on the soil of Greece.
- 138. the Stagirite. Aristotle (384-322) was born at Stageira, in Macedonia. Pope refers to his treatises on rhetoric and poetry.

140. But to copy nature one must study from the life.

142. a happiness, an excellence which seems to come of itself and is not the result of effort. The idea is repeated in l. 144. Cf. Dryden, 'To my Honoured Friend, Sir Robert Howard':—

"'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear. Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign Then least to feel when most they suffer pain; And we, dull souls, admire but cannot see What hidden springs within the engine be: Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues Each act and motion of your graceful Muse."

150. Pegasus, a winged horse which, with a blow of its hoof, caused Hippocrene, the fountain of the Muses, to spring from Mount Helicon. It is the "winged courser" of 1. 86,

152. Cf. 'Temple of Fame,' l. 195-

"A strong expression most he seemed to affect, And here and there disclosed a brave neglect."

153. snatch a grace. The image is rather mixed. In the earlier editions II. 159 and 160 were printed after I. 151, but in 1743 Pope deliberately made the change. Some editors retain the original order. Note that "from vulgar bounds" is just another way of saying "from the common track." Dr Johnson evidently stuck to the reading of 1743. In his 'Life of Addison' he says: "Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace."

159. wits, poets.

170. in them, in the ancients. For the rhyme "thoughts . . . faults," see Appendix.

172-174. From Horace, 'Ars Poet.,' Il. 361-363-

"Ut pictura, poesis; erit quæ, si proprius stes, Te capiat magis; et quædam, si longius abstes: Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri."

179, 180. Cf. Horace, 'Ars Poet.,' l. 359-

"Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus."

Homer is Pope's fetish. If he is dull, it is merely a trick the better to show off his excellences by contrast. Roscommon, in his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' is not so lenient on Homer's lapses—

"For who, without a qualm, hath ever looked On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked? Whose railing heroes and whose wounded gods Make some suspect he snores as well as nods."

In 'Spectator,' No. 214, Addison says: "Authors have established it as a rule that a man ought to be dull sometimes, as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer."

182. From Roscommon's 'Epilogue to Alexander the Great': "sacrilegious" means literally "to appropriate sacred things" (Lat. sacra, legere).

186. consenting Pæans, sympathetic shouts of triumph. A

Pæan was originally a hymn sung in honour of Apollo (Παιάν), the god of healing.

194. that must not yet be found, that cannot yet be found. "Must" is the past tense of M.E. mot, "I am able," which contained no idea of compulsion. Wakefield quotes Cowley, Davideis,' ii. 8—

"And reach to worlds that must not yet be found."

201. conspire, unite. Cf. 1. 339.

206. recruits, fresh supplies. It is not now applied to things. Cf. Butler, 'Hudibras,' Part iii.—

"And little quarrels often prove To be but new recruits of love."

207, 208. One would think that Pope meant that souls have blood and spirits as well as bodies. By "spirits" he means "animal spirits," which, in his time, were supposed to be the most subtle and agitated parts of the blood. "When there is a deficiency of blood, its place is not supplied by wind" (Elwin). To get the correct sense, "thus in souls" must be placed immediately before "pride" in 1. 209.

215, 216. These lines are often quoted apart from their context, as if Pope maintained that complete ignorance is preferable to a little knowledge, whereas he refers to presumptuous critics who do not possess sufficient knowledge for the expression of an authoritative judgment.

the Pierian spring, Hippocrene, the fountain of the Muses, who were called Pierides, from Mount Pieria in Thrace.

217, 218. Cf. Bacon, 'Of Atheism': "It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

222. behind-i.e., beyond the heights.

224. science, knowledge.

225-232. Johnson, in his 'Life of Pope,' calls this "perhaps the best simile in our language"—a bold remark.

234. with the same spirit that. Strict grammar requires "with the same spirit as that with which."

writ. "The Bible never descends to the mean colloquial preterites of 'chid' for 'did chide,' or 'writ' for 'did write,' but always uses the full-dress words 'chode' and 'wrote.' Pope might have been happier had he read his Bible more, but assuredly he would have improved his English" (De

Quincey). This is peddling and ungracious criticism. "Writ," which Pope uses ten times out of twelve, was good English in his time, and was almost constantly used by Dryden. Milton, who knew his Bible, never uses "chode," nor does Shake-speare. Pope uses neither "chid" nor "chode." Whether the "full-dress" word or not, "chid" is the word in the following line of 'Comus':—

"Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention."

239. in such lays, in the case of such lays: a Latinism.

240. I.e., faultless, but without fire, and a string of commonplaces. Readers will remember Tennyson's line on Maud's face—

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

Contrast 'Essay on Man,' iv. 381, which describes the ideal at which Pope aimed, and which he often attained—

"Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease."

247. dome. Pope frequently uses this word of any building. Here it probably means "cathedral," the whole building and not merely the cupola, and refers to St Peter's. In 'Absalom and Achitophel,' Dryden thus speaks of the Dean of Westminster—

- "Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence."
- 251. appear should be "appears."
- 257. conduct, execution, handling of the subject.
- 258. Cf. Horace, 'Ars Poet.,' ll. 351, 352-
 - "Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis Offendar maculis."
- 261. lays, lays down.
- 263. some subservient art, something which may add to the success of the work, but upon which its success does not depend.
- 265, 266. I.e., they have hobbies which they put in place of principles, and praise or condemn a work according as it does or does not satisfy their particular preferences. Of

course, it is always difficult to keep the personal element out of criticism.

267. La Mancha's Knight, Don Quixote. The passage following is taken from the pretended Second Part of the work, which was written by one who took the name of Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, and who is supposed to have been Lope de Vega.

270. Dennis. John Dennis (1657-1734) lives only in Pope's satire. He wrote much criticism and several plays. In the present instance Pope probably refers to his 'Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry.' As a critic he was narrow and prejudiced, but in exact knowledge he was probably second to none of that time, and certainly much superior to Pope.

271. sots, not "drunkards" but "blockheads" (Fr. sot). Pope uses it in the sense of "drunkard" in 'Essay on Man,' ii. 268, &c.

273. nice, subtle, discriminating: from Lat. nescius, "ignorant," through O.F. nice, "simple." Pope uses the word in all its derivatory senses, good and bad. Cf. 1. 286.

276. unities. The dramatic rules called the unities of time, place, and action were formulated by French writers and fathered on Aristotle. These rules prescribe that the events represented should be such as might occur within the space of a single day, that the scene should not be changed from place to place, that no action can be admitted which does not lead up to one single catastrophe. It is interesting to remember that, after the above reference to Dennis was written, that critic attacked Addison for too strict observance of the unity of place in 'Cato.'

286. I.e., full of eccentric ideas without having a knowledge of principles, and difficult to please without the ability to form a correct estimate. Pope wrote on the margin, "Non quidem doctus sed curiosus" from Petronius.

289. conceit, a fantastic, far-fetched idea.

292. This is a good example of what the student will often observe in Pope, one line tersely summing up the matter of several preceding lines.

293-302. In these lines, as in 11. 484-493 below, Pope probably owes a debt to several passages in Dryden, especially to the epistle 'To Sir Godfrey Kneller.'

297, 298. Johnson finds fault with this definition: "Pope's

account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous; he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language." As Elwin remarks, the error lies in stating a partial as a universal truth. It is quite a happy definition of the "common-sense" conception of poetry. Cf. 'Spectator,' No. 253: "It is impossible for us, who live in the later ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us but to represent the common-sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights."

299. This is clumsily expressed. Take "convinced" with

"we," not with "truth."

303. wit must mean "conceits," as a work cannot have too much of the wit that dresses nature to advantage.

than does 'em good. Pope is certainly not in "full-dress" form here. Contrast "recommend the light" in 1. 301. 306. as women men, for dress. Pope's ideal of womanhood was not high. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' iii. 247—

"A fop their passion, but their prize a sot."

308. upon content, upon trust.

318-323. In his 'Life of Cowley,' Johnson puts this into characteristic prose: "Language is the dress of thought, and as the noblest mien or most graceful action would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics, so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications."

319. decent, becoming.

320. conceit, conception, thought.

322. sort, agree.

324. Such as Spenser, and in our day Morris, who purposely used words of Saxon origin in preference to classical derivatives, and thus wrote what has been called "Wardour Street English." In his Preface to the 'Fables,' Dryden says: "When an ancient word for its sound and significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity to restore it. All beyond this is superstition."

328. Fungoso, a character in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out

of his Humour': "The son of Sordido, and a student; one that hath revelled in his time, and follows the fashion afar off, like a spy. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours to wring sufficient means from his wretched father to put him in the courtiers' cut; at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily that he still lights short a suit."

329. spark, a showy fellow, a beau. The origin of the word is well suggested in 'Moral Essays,' ii. 21, 22—

"Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park, Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark."

337. numbers, the versification, like Lat. numeri.

342. mend their minds, not a very happy expression.

345. The line is an illustration of the fault satirised, and

similar illustrations are given in Il. 346, 347, 350-353, 357.

346. expletives, words not required by the sense, but employed to "fill up" (Lat. expleo), as "do" in this line. Cf. Dryden, 'Essay of Dramatic Poesy': "He creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with 'for,' 'to,' and 'unto,' and all the pretty expletives he can find." In revising the Essay on Criticism,' Pope recast many lines which were open to this objection. The use of "do" and "did" was more common in English poetry before Pope than it has been since. Shakespeare very frequently uses these auxiliaries for the sake of metre, but he sometimes employs them very effectively in excited narrative—e.g., in 'Julius Cæsar,' ii. 2:—

"Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan, And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

The use of "do" is certainly not haphazard in 'Henry V.,' iv. Chorus, 15—

"The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning name."

347. low, not "vulgar," but "commonplace." There are some examples of such lines in this poem, e.g., 107—

"Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned,"

and in Pope's earlier work they abound. The rule must not be taken too absolutely. Much depends on the words and

the metre; more upon the subject. Shakespeare has many felicitous monosyllabic lines, and in the 'Scottish Ballads' whole verses of four lines where every word is a monosyllable may be found. Pope himself can manipulate such lines as well as any. This, from the 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,' admirably expresses the idea:—

"Dim lights of life that burn a length of years."

In this, from 'Eloisa to Abelard,' the vowel sounds are well managed:—

"Still as the sea ere winds were taught to blow."

This, from the 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' expresses contempt:—

"Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms."

This, from the same poem, expresses difficulty:-

"And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year";

and he had too good an ear to write "strains" and "brains" in the same line unless for some purpose.

350-353. The rhymes are taken from Hopkins's translation of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' xi.; but "breeze . . . trees" occurs in the fourth 'Pastoral,' and in 'Eloisa to Abelard.'

356. Alexandrine, a line of six iambic feet, used to give variety to the couplet. The origin of the name is disputed. Some say it is from a French poem, 'Alexandriade,' others from a poet, Alexandre de Bernay.

361. Denham's strength. Sir John Denham (1615-1668) was a Cavalier poet, whose descriptive poem, 'Cooper's Hill,' still finds readers. Dryden calls his poetry "correct" and "majestic"; it is not particularly strong. Pope wrote his 'Windsor Forest' in imitation of 'Cooper's Hill.'

Waller's sweetness. Edmund Waller (1605-1687) is best known as the author of several lyrics. Dryden says he "first made writing easily an art." Both Waller and Denham are important to the student of the evolution of the critical school and the heroic couplet.

362, 363. It is possible to misunderstand the meaning of the phrase "true ease in writing." Pope means ease of style,

which is the result of much art or labour. He repeats this couplet, with the change of "flows" for "comes," in 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. ii. Ep. i., where he is showing

"how severely with themselves proceed The men, who write such verse as we can read."

He also satirises-

"The wits of either Charles's days, The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,"

in the sense of Sheridan's remark, "Easy writing's curst hard reading."

366-373. In these lines Pope is experimenting, with some success, in making the sound "an echo to the sense." He acknowledges his indebtedness to Vida, 'Poetica,' iii. Such devices are quite admissible in poetry, so long as they are not overdone.

370. This has no reference to Homer's 'Iliad,' but is taken almost literally from Vida. In the 'Iliad,' Ajax thrice has recourse to stone-throwing (vii. 268-271; xii. 380-385; xiv. 409-413), but in no instance does the sound echo the sense. The lines in Pope's translation of the 'Odyssey,' xi. 595-598, are famous:—

"With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground."

They are not by Pope, but by his henchman Broome.

372, 373. swift Camilla. Camilla was a Volscian warrior-maid, described by Virgil in 'Æneid,' vii. 808-811. Virgil does not say she actually performed such feats, but merely that she could have done so. In all probability Pope copied Dryden's translation.

374-381. These lines contain references to several stanzas in Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast.'

374. Timotheus was a famous musician of Miletus, but he died before the birth of Alexander the Great. Dryden is supposed to have confounded this Timotheus with another of the same name, known to the Macedonian king.

376. the son of Libyan Jove. Alexander, according to the legend, was the son of Jupiter Ammon, a Libyan

deity.

380. The meaning is not clear. Perhaps Pope means that, as the music stirred the king to mourn the fate of fallen Darius, so it also roused him to revenge the Grecian slain by setting fire to the city.

383. I.e., the poet Dryden now has the same power as the

musician Timotheus had once.

389. nauseate all, feel sick at all—an unusual construction.

391. admire, in the Latin sense of "wonder at."

approve, appreciate with reason.

395. In Pope's time there was a long and dull controversy about the relative merits of the ancient and the modern writers. Swift satirised the discussion in his 'Battle of the Books.'

396-399. Pope's fellow-Catholics took offence at these lines. The poet got out of the difficulty in the second couplet by saying that "they" referred not to "each man," but to "some" in 1. 394.

400. sublimes, refines, purifies.

403. enlights, a rare form for "enlightens," but found in

Cowley.

408-465. These lines, on a subject admirably adapted for satire, though remarkable enough as the production of a youth, are weak and fumbling when compared with his brilliant satiric work of twenty or thirty years after.

412. some judge of authors' names. Cf. Cowper, 'The Task,'

vi. 101-

"Some to the fascination of a name Surrender judgment hoodwinked."

415. quality, people of rank. "The quality" is now a vulgarism.

417. Cf. 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' ll. 225, 226.

418. madrigal, literally "a pastoral song," afterwards almost any kind of short song in mediæval times: Ital. madrigale, mandra, "a herd."

419. hackney, a horse let out for hire; here applied to a literary drudge. It is now generally shortened to "hack."

428. schismatics (with accent on the first), dissenters.

plain believers. In the first edition the reading was

"dull believers." The change was made on account of an outcry from the Catholics.

429. wit, subtlety of thought.

430-437. Cf. Young, 'To the Right Hon. Mr Dodington':-

"One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles, or parentage;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look;
Another judges, for he bought the book:
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep."

434, 435. These lines are awkwardly constructed. "Towns unfortified" change sides, from the weaker to the stronger, but "'twixt sense and nonsense" applies only to "weak heads."

440. school-divines, theologians of the middle ages who held the doctrines of a particular teacher.

441. sentences, opinions, in the literal sense of Lat. sententia. Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Paris, compiled a 'Book of Sentences' from the teachings of the Fathers of the Church.

444. Scotists and Thomists, the followers of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, two mediæval philosophers, whose disciples wrangled with each other for centuries.

445. The writings of these philosophers, full of distinctions as fine-drawn as cobwebs, may be found among the old books in Duck Lane, near Smithfield.

449-451. A writer is considered a man of genius because his work happens to suit the literary fashion of the moment, but, as immediate popularity is not a sure test of merit, the writer must not therefore think his reputation made for all time.

459. parsons, critics, beaus. Among the parsons may be reckoned Collier and Milbourn, the former of whom attacked Dryden and others in his 'Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage.' Among the critics were Elkanah Settle, Thomas Shadwell, and Sir Richard Blackmore. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, ridiculed Dryden in 'The Rehearsal.' John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, attacked him in

his 'Allusion to the Tenth Satire of Horace,' and also hired a

gang of ruffians to waylay and maltreat him.

463. new Blackmores and new Milbourns. Sir Richard Blackmore wrote many poems of a more or less soporific character. He was physician to William III., by whom he was knighted. He censured Dryden's indecency in his 'Satire against Wit.' Rev. Luke Milbourn criticised Dryden's version of Virgil's 'Æneid,' and himself published a very bad translation of 'Æneid,' Bk. i. Dryden calls Blackmore "quack Maurus," and couples him with Milbourn in his epistle 'To my Honoured Kinsman, John Driden':—

"Wouldst thou be soon dispatched, and perish whole, Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul."

465. Zoilus, a native of Amphipolis who lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus and criticised the works of Homer so severely that he was known as "the scourge of Homer."

467-473. Bowles justly praises this illustration. Shake-speare, Dryden, and others use similar figures with different applications.

480. fame (our second life). Cf. 'Essay on Man,' iv. 237, and

'Temple of Fame,' ll. 505, 506-

"How vain that second life in others' breath, The estate which wits inherit after death!"

482. failing language. Bacon thought that only works written in Latin were destined to live. Warton quotes Waller, 'Of English Verse':—

"Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek;
We write in sand: our language grows,
And like the tide our work o'erflows.
Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defaced his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain."

483. At the present time Chaucer is much more read than Dryden.

484-493. This is a fine passage. Pope at one time studied painting, and he always speaks of it with feeling.

494. wit, poetical genius.

mistaken things, things on which a wrong estimate is put.

506, 507. This couplet is by no means clear. The vicious fear wit only when it appears in the form of satire, and the virtuous shun it only in the productions of immoral writers. Fools, who turn a line occasionally, may hate it from envy, and Pope says in 1. 519 that "each ill author is as bad a friend." But why is it "by knaves undone"? Warburton says, "The poet would insinuate a common but shameful truth, that men in power, if they got into it by liberal arts, generally left wit and science to starve." But this is far from being a true description of the attitude of men in power to literature at the time when this essay was written. Pope possibly refers to the malice of unscrupulous critics.

509. commence, begin to be. It is used here as a copulative verb.

511. On the contrary, mediocre poets have never been tolerated gladly "by gods nor men nor booksellers," as Horace says.

Notice "who" as the co-relative of "such." We now use "as," but "such" (so-like) is, by derivation, the natural antecedent of "which" (what-like), and the usage was extended to "who." Cf. ll. 15, 385, 511.

521. sacred lust of praise. "Sacred" here means "accursed," in imitation of Virgil, 'Æneid,' vii. 56, "auri sacra fames."

522. so dire a thirst. Cf. Virgil, 'Georgics,' i. 37, "tam dira cupido."

528. provoking, calling for, or challenging punishment: Lat. provocare.

534. In the time of Charles II.

535. the rank weed. Cf. Shakespeare, '2 Henry IV.,' iv. 4-

"Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds."

sprung. Pope never writes "sprang" for the past tense, and he has "begun" oftener than "began," and "sung" than "sang."

thrived. He prefers this weak form to "throve," of which he has no example.

538. jilts ruled the state—e.g., Duchess of Portsmouth and Duchess of Cleveland.

statesmen farces writ. The Duke of Buckingham wrote 'The Rehearsal,' Sir George Etherege 'The Man of Mode,'

and Sir Charles Sedley 'The Mulberry Garden.'

539. wits had pensions. Dennis pounced on these words, which misrepresent Charles II.'s attitude to the liberal arts. Dryden and Cowley got little in return for their services, and Butler and Otway starved. In his 'Complaint' Cowley tells how, at the Restoration, everything prospered but his Muse, which experienced another Gideon's miracle: all around was pearled with dew, "and nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry." In his 'Threnodia Augustalis' Dryden refers to this aspect of Charles's reign in the naïve lines:—

"Though little was their hire and light their gain,
Yet somewhat to their share he threw:
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew,
Like birds of Paradise that lived on morning dew."

543. Grammar requires "at" to be supplied after "blushed." 544. a foreign reign, William III.'s. Pope, being a Catholic, does not mention James II.

545. bold Socinus. There were two of the name. Lælius Socinus (1525-1562) was a Unitarian, denying the doctrine of the Trinity and the divinity of Christ. His nephew, Faustus Socinus, reduced the opinions of his uncle to a system.

546. unbelieving priests. This refers to the divines of William's reign, many of whom were very broad and tolerant in their opinions. Pope is said to be specially alluding to Bishop Burnet, the author of a 'History of My Own Time.'

552. Titans, in Greek mythology the children of heaven and earth, who contended for sovereignty with Cronus, and were hurled to Tartarus by Zeus.

553. licensed blasphemies, the works of deists like Toland, Tindal, and Collins.

557. mistake an author into vice, read an immoral meaning into innocent passages.

559. Wakefield quotes Lucretius, 'De Rerum Natura,' iv.

[&]quot;Lurida præterea fiunt quæcunque tuentur Arquati"—

which Creech translates-

"Besides, whatever jaundice-eyes do view Looks pale as well as those, and yellow too."

571. critic. We now use the form "critique" in this sense.

577. that only. "That" is not a relative but a demonstrative.

585. Appius, John Dennis. He is called so from the fact that he wrote an unsuccessful tragedy, 'Appius and Virginia.'

586. stares. Elwin quotes Steele's description of him: "He starts, stares, and looks round him at every jerk of his person forward."

tremendous was Dennis's favourite adjective.

587. tyrant in old tapestry. Cf. 'Satires of Dr Donne Versified,' iv. 266—

"And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry."

Congreve, 'The Way of the World,' ii. 2: "Prithee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging."

591. I.e., without examination, a formality from which noble-

men were formerly exempted.

600-603. The two couplets are quite inconsistent.

610. such shameless bards. This is supposed to refer to the dramatist Wycherley, with whom Pope had quarrelled.

617. Dryden's Fables. The 'Fables' are modernisations and loose paraphrases of tales by Chaucer and Boccaccio, a version of the first book of the 'Iliad,' versions of selections from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' and a few miscellaneous poems.

Durfey's Tales. Thomas Durfey (1653-1723) was a voluminous writer, who, as he himself put it, wrote "more odes than Horace, and four times as many comedies as Terence." His songs are very gross, and many of them have the heading "Sung to the King at Windsor." Pope refers to his 'Tales, Tragical and Comical' and 'Tales, Moral and Comical.' In the catalogue of a lady's library in 'Spectator,' No. 37, is "Tales in Verse by Mr Durfey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places."

619. "A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author" (Pope). Sir Samuel Garth (1660-1719) gained eminence as a physician and some fame as a poet.

His 'Dispensary' is a mock-heroic poem, celebrating a quarrel between the College of Physicians and the Apothecaries' Company on the question of free medicines for the poor. The poem was popular in its day, but has no interest now. To Garth Pope dedicated his pastoral 'Summer.'

622. No place is so sacred that from such fops it is

barred.

623. Paul's church. "In the reigns of James I. and Charles I. the body of St Paul's Cathedral was the common resort of the politicians, the newsmongers, and the idle in general. It was called Paul's Walk, and the frequenters were known by the name of Paul's walkers" (Wakefield).

625. From Boileau, 'L'Art poétique,' but Pope has improved

it and made it his own for ever.

631-642. Sainte-Beuve has said that every critic ought to have these lines framed and hung up in his study.

636. humanly. We should now write "humanely."

639. Contrast this with 1. 286.

642. love to praise, love of praising: an instance of what grammarians call the gerundial infinitive. Cf. 1. 632.

648. the Mæonian star, Homer, who was thought to have

been a native of Mæonia, or Lydia, in Asia Minor.

649-651. Pope has got into a fog here. He has forgot what he said in ll. 88-99.

652. Aristotle "conquered" nature in his 'Physics,' &c., and "presided over wit" by his 'Rhetoric' and 'Poetics.'

662. phlegm, dulness, sluggishness.

663, 664. This is a slovenly couplet. For the sense, insert "by" before "critics." "In all Pope's works there cannot be found a couplet so paltry and impertinent as this" (Wakefield).

665, 666. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the date of whose birth is unknown, came to Rome in 29 B.C. He wrote a treatise on the art of rhetoric, critical essays on the Greek

orators and historians, and a history of Rome.

667, 668. Caius or Titus Petronius was a voluptuous Roman courtier in the time of Nero, by whom he was styled "arbiter elegantiarum." He committed suicide at Cumæ in A.D. 66. He may have been the author of a work called 'Petronii Arbitri Satyricon,' a comic romance which exhibits more of "the courtier's ease" than of "the scholar's learning." Johnson suspected that Pope had never read Petronius,

669, 670. Marcus Fabius Quintilianus was a native of Spain, who became a great teacher of eloquence at Rome. Pope refers to his 'De Institutione Oratoria,' more particularly to the tenth book.

675-680. Dionysius Cassius Longinus, the date and place of whose birth are unknown, became the teacher of Queen Zenobia at Palmyra. Acting on his advice Zenobia tried to throw off the Roman yoke, and when Palmyra was taken in 273 A.D., Aurelian caused Longinus to be put to death. The 'Treatise on the Sublime,' ascribed to him, is one of the most inspiring works in the history of criticism, but it could scarcely have been a favourite with Pope.

680. From Boileau's preface to his translation of Longinus:

"En parlant du sublime, il est lui-même très sublime."

686. Rome was taken by Alaric, king of the Goths, in 410 A.D. This marks the beginning of the Dark Ages.

691, 692. Pope tried to appease his fellow-Catholics by saying that he did not speak here "of learning in general, but

of polite learning-criticism, poetry, &c."

693. Erasmus. Desiderius Erasmus, a great Renaissance scholar, was born at Rotterdam in 1467. After taking monastic vows and wandering for some years on the Continent, he came to England in 1497, learned Greek under Grocyn at Oxford, and enjoyed the friendship of Colet, Linacre, and More. After again spending some time on the Continent he returned to England, and was made Professor of Divinity and of Greek at Cambridge. He died at Basle in 1536. Besides editing many of the classics and the Greek text of the New Testament, he wrote 'Adagia,' a strange repository of wit and learning, in which he lashed the abuses of the Church; 'Moriæ Encomium' ('The Praise of Folly); 'Colloquia,' &c.

694. "The 'glory' from his own greatness, the 'shame' from the rancour with which some of his brother priests assailed

him" (Croker).

695. Cf. Dryden, 'Eleonora,' 1. 362-

"Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast."

Thomson, in his 'Seasons,' speaks of Hampden,

"Who stemmed the torrent of a downward age."

696. those holy Vandals. The monks who injured learning

are compared to the Vandals, a Germanic race, who in the fifth century ravaged great part of the south of Europe, and in 453 plundered Rome.

697. in Leo's golden days. In the pontificate of Leo X. (1513-

1521) the Italian Renaissance was at its height.

699. o'er its ruin spread. The figure is not applicable to the

genius of Rome personified.

704. Raphael (1483-1520), the great painter, was born at Urbino. He was invited to Rome by Julius II., for whom, and for whose successor, Leo, he executed many commissions, including the designs for the frescoes of the Vatican.

705. immortal Vida. Marco Girolamo Vida (1490-1566), Bishop of Alba, wrote many works in Latin; an epic on the life of Christ, called 'Christiad'; a didactic poem, 'Poetica,' from which Pope has borrowed; a mock-heroic on the game of chess, called 'Scaccia Ludus'; and a treatise on silkworms. Milton refers to his 'Christiad' in 'The Passion,' 1. 26—

"Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound."

708. Alluding to Virgil, 'Eclog.,' ix. 28-

"Mantua, væ! miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ."

709. from Latium chased. This refers to the sack of Rome by the Duke of Bourbon in 1527.

714. Boileau. Boileau Despréaux (1636-1711) obtained the notice of Louis XIV. by his 'Satires,' published in 1665. In 1674 he published the mock-heroic 'Lutrin' and 'L'Art poétique.' His critical work is one-sided, but excellent as far as it goes, and it earned for him the title of "Législateur du Parnasse."

723, 724. Pope refers to John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, and later Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649-1721). Line 724 is from his 'Essay on Poetry,' a neat but cold and commonplace production.

725. Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1633-1684), was the author of an 'Essay on Translated Verse,' which is sensible in sentiment and mercifully short. He also wrote a translation of Horace's 'Ars Poetica' in blank verse of the worst possible kind.

729. William Walsh (1663-1708), a country squire, seems to have had a great reputation as a critic. Dryden calls him "the best critic of our nation." His poems are mostly of an

amatory character, and he advocated women's rights in 'A Defence of the Fair Sex.' He had been kind to young Pope, who here shows his gratitude. Criticism by a friendly contemporary should not be taken too seriously.

730. knew to blame, a Latinism. Cf. Milton, 'Lycidas,' ll.

"He knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme."

736. pruned, trimmed, by taking out superfluous feathers. The variant "preen" is also used. Cf. Dryden, Epilogue to 'All for Love'—

"He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can, Prunes up, and asks his oracle the glass If pink or purple best become his face."

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

Lines 19 to the end were added in the edition of 1714.

1-6. The poet states his subject and invokes the Muse in true epic fashion.

3. Caryl. See Introduction.

4. Belinda, Arabella Fermor. See the Latin motto prefixed to the poem.

12. Cf. Virgil, 'Æneid,' i. 11: "Tantæne animis cælestibus

iræ?"

- 13. a timorous ray. The epithet is explained by the next line.
 - 16. just at twelve. In the first edition, "the tenth hour."
- 17. She rang a hand-bell and then knocked with her slipper. "Bell-hanging was not introduced into our domestic apartments till long after the date of the 'Rape of the Lock'" (Croker). Cf. Garth, 'Dispensary,' Canto iii.:—
 - "The sage, transported at the approaching hour, Imperiously thrice thundered on the floor."
- 18. the pressed watch, a repeater. In the first edition "striking watches."
- 19. In ll. 14-17 Belinda is already awake. Pope overlooked the inconsistency when enlarging the poem.
- 23. a birth-night beau. Royal birthdays were occasions for a great show of finery. Cf. 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Ep. 6—

"Our birthday nobles' splendid livery."

In 'Tom Thumb the Great' Fielding has this burlesque image:-

"The sun himself, on this auspicious day, Shines like a beau in a new birthday suit." 32. "The 'silver token' alludes to the silver pennies which fairies were said to drop at night into the shoes of maids who kept the house clean and tidy" (Croker). Those who neglected their duties were pinched in sleep. "The circled green" refers to the circles of a deeper green than the surrounding grass, which are seen in meadows, and which were supposed to be caused by the dancing of fairies. They are due to decaying fungi. Cf. Shakespeare, 'Tempest,' v. 1:—

"You demi-puppets that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites."

39. wits, people of superior intelligence and learning, corresponding to "learned pride" in 1. 37 above.

44. The front box in the theatre and the drive in Hyde Park were resorts of ladies of fashion. "Certain traces of the Ring, formed in the reign of Charles I., may be recognised by the large trees somewhat circularly arranged in the centre of the Park" (Murray's 'London'). Cf. 'Epistle to Miss Blount,' l. 53—

"She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the Ring."

46. a chair, a sedan-chair, covered, and carried by two bearers.

47, 48. This is not in accordance with the Rosicrucian system referred to in Pope's introductory epistle. The nymphs peopled seas and rivers, the gnomes the earth, "almost to the centre," the sylphs air, and the salamanders fire. But they had never been in human form.

50. vehicles, bodies; the "transparent forms" and "fluid bodies" of Canto ii. 61, 62.

51-56. Both Pindar and Virgil picture the souls of the departed as still pursuing earthly amusements in the other world. Pope borrows from Dryden's translation of the 'Æneid.'

56. ombre, a game at cards introduced from Spain, and called in Spanish juego del hombre. It owed its name to the phrase used by the person who undertook to stand the game—"Yo soy l'hombre," "I am the man."

59. termagants, scolds. The word is said to have been the name of a Saracen idol. It was a ranting character in the old mystery-plays. In Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' vi. 7. 47, it is

used as an oath - "by Turmagant and Mahound." The etymology is uncertain.

61, 62. away . . . tea. For this and other peculiar rhymes,

see Appendix.

63. prude, a woman who affects a superior and superfluous

modesty.

68. is by some sylph embraced. Warburton points out that the poet here resumes the Rosicrucian system.

72. midnight masquerades, masked balls. Cf. Goldsmith,

'Deserted Village,' Il. 259, 260-

"The long pomp, the midnight masquerade, With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed."

73. spark. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 329.

77, 78. "Parody on Homer" (Warburton). He must have been thinking of such expressions as "the deep-eddying river, whom gods call Xanthus and men Scamander" ('Iliad,' xx. 74). That is Homer's way of saying that Xanthus was the old name. More probably Pope borrowed from Dryden, 'The Hind and the Panther,' Part iii., 11. 823, 824:—

"Immortal powers the term of Conscience know, But Interest is her name with men below."

79. nymphs, maidens, with no reference to the Rosicrucian system. So at l. 123 "the nymph" is Belinda.

81. these, the gnomes.

85. garters, stars, and coronets, badges of rank conferred by the sovereign. Cf. 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Sat. i. 108—

"Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star."

94. impertinence, nonsense. The meaning here is midway between the original "not to the point" and the more recent

"impudence."

96. treat, an entertainment given in a lady's honour. Cf. Canto iii. 169; and Congreve, 'Love for Love,' i. 1: "I was always a fool when I told you what your expenses would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries, your treats and your balls."

100. toyshop of their heart. Cf. 'The Spectator,' No. 281, 'Dissection of a Coquet's Heart.' While Pope makes coquettes "in sylphs aloft repair," Addison says, "We laid it

into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame without being consumed or so much as singed."

101, 102. Imitated from Statius:-

"Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo, Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspide cuspis." (Warburton.)

101. sword-knots. No beau, though perhaps "worthier of a fan," was complete without a gaudy sword-knot. Cf. 'Dunciad,' ii. 52—

"Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame."

105. who thy protection claim, who claim to protect thee.

108. in the clear mirror, &c., "the language of the Platonists" (Pope).

113. This line is an example of how Pope occasionally tortures words for the sake of a rhyme.

115. he said, an epic formula at the close of a speech.

Shock, her dog; so called from its shaggy coat of hair. Shakespeare has the form shough. It seems to have been a favourite name at this period. Cf. Gay, 'The Toilette—A Town Eclogue'—

"Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and mockaws, To fill the place of fops and perjured beaux";

'The Spectator,' No. 343: "I would advise your little shockdog to keep out of my way: for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like."

118. first opened on a billet-doux. This might mean either that Belinda then saw a love-letter for the first time, or that a billet-doux was the first thing she saw that morning. The words "if report say true" favour the former interpretation, but see 1. 138 below.

122. mystic order. Note how all through this passage the mysteries of the toilet are spoken of so as to suggest an act of worship—"the cosmetic powers," "priestess," "altar's side," "the sacred rites of pride," "various offerings," "the goddess."

124. the cosmetic powers. The deities who superintend all the means of adorning and beautifying the person. Cf. Cowper, 'Conversation'—

"Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are, And make colloquial happiness your care."

127. the inferior priestess, the maid; called Betty in 1. 148.

131. she nicely culls with curious toil, chooses precisely and carefully. For "nicely," see note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 273. "Curious" is used in its original Latin sense, "careful."

132. the goddess. As in 1. 127 Betty is called "the inferior priestess," Belinda must then have been regarded as the chief

priestess. Now she is the divinity.

134. all Arabia. Cf. Shakespeare, 'Macbeth,' v. i.: "All

the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

138. puffs, for the hair; patches, of plaster for the face, to improve the beauty. See 'The Spectator,' Nos. 81 and 323. In No. 268, Steele's imaginary correspondent pays a fine compliment to his lady: "You cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty." The "bibles" are roguishly introduced. Cf. Halifax, 'On the Countess Dowager of — ':

"Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay
Prayer-books, patch-boxes, sermon-notes, and paint;
At once to improve the sinner and the saint."

143. a purer blush, the effect of rouge.

144. keener lightnings, due to the application of some drug, such as belladonna.

145. care, object of care, as in 1. 27 above.

CANTO II.

Lines 1-4 and 47 to the end were added in the edition of 1714. Lines 5-46 at first formed part of Canto i.

3. the rival of his beams. "When Pope makes Belinda equal in the glory of her appearance to the sun, he falls into an insipid hyperbole. When Chaucer, in his 'Knight's Tale,' says—

'Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily,'

every one feels the matchless charm of the allusion" (Elwin). But Pope might have pleaded precedent from the language of gallantry. Compare Canto i. l. 14 with this from one of Davenant's songs—

"The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn."

In Shakespeare, Romeo, speaking of Juliet's charms, says-

"Her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night."

8. I.e., even unbelievers might forget their scruples owing to her beauty.

21. conspired. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 201.

25. hairy springes, snares of horse-hair. Cf. Shakespeare, 'Hamlet,' i. 3, "Springes to catch woodcocks"; 'Winter's Tale,' iv. 2, "If the springe hold, the cock's mine."

26. the finny prey—i.e., fishes. Cf. 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Ep. vi. 113—

i. Ep. vi. 113—

"To drive the deer and drag the finny prey."

So Pope speaks of "the scaly breed"; "fleecy care"; "long-eared milky mothers."

28. with a single hair. There are similar expressions in Butler's 'Hudibras' and Gay's 'Rural Sports'; but probably Pope was thinking of two lines in Dryden's translation of Persius:—

"She knows her man, and when you rant and swear, Can draw you to her with a single hair."

32. meditates the way. For this transitive use of "meditates" in imitation of the Latin meditor, cf. 'Windsor Forest,' 1. 102—

"Couched close he lies, and meditates the prey."

35. Phœbus, the sun—Phœbus Apollo being the sun-god of the Greeks. Classical mythology long tyrannised over English poetry. Even in Burns—

"Phœbus gies a short-lived glower Far south the lift."

Phœbus meant much to a Greek; he means nothing to us.

36. propitious Heaven—i.e., he had implored Heaven to be propitious; an example of prolepsis, the figure of anticipation.

38. French romances, such as 'The Grand Cyrus,' 'Clelia,'

'Cleopatra,' which were favourites at this time.

45, 46. "Virgil, 'Æneid,' xi. 798" (Pope). Dryden thus translates:—

"Apollo heard, and granting half his prayer, Shuffled in winds the rest, and tossed in empty air."

48. tides. Wakefield says that Pope has put "tides" for "tide" to accommodate the rhyme. Elwin remarks: "The tides are the ebb and the flow, and cannot be applied to only one of the two." It is only too true that Pope can commit a fault for the sake of a rhyme. But it is not right to criticise a poem as if it were a scientific treatise. "Tides" here means merely waves or waters, and parallels to this use are innumerable in our poetry. In 'Annus Mirabilis' Dryden writes—

"And with its weight it shoulders off the tides."

In this case, however, "tides" rhymes with "rides." But there can be no doubt attaching to this line from Arnold's 'Forsaken Merman'—

"Now the salt tides seaward flow."

52. Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay. This line ought to have charmed even Elwin. The connection between the smiles of Belinda and the surrounding gaiety is not stated as one of cause and effect; we are left to draw the inference.

53, 54. An imitation of 'Iliad,' x. 3, 4. In Pope's translation—

"All but the king: with various thoughts opprest, His country's cares lay rolling in his breast."

60. waft, used intransitively.

64. textures of the filmy dew, of gossamer, which was at one time supposed to be dried dew.

65. tincture of the skies. Cf. Milton, 'Paradise Lost,' v. 283: "colours dipt in heaven."

70. superior by the head, another epic imitation.

73-100. The student should compare these lines with those passages which detail fairy operations in Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Tempest,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' and also with Drayton's 'Nymphidia.' It must be admitted that Pope had a difficult task to perform, and in pure imaginative power Shakespeare is easily first.

73, 74. Cf. Satan's opening words in his address to the fallen angels in 'Paradise Lost,' ii. 11. This enumeration

greatly extends the Rosicrucian system.

76. the aërial kind. Dennis accused Pope of confounding "aërial" with "ethereal," and the following four lines certainly support his contention. Pope replied that he intended the description of "the aërial kind" to begin at 1. 81. The explanation is not convincing.

79. wandering orbs. This is supposed to mean comets, since planets are mentioned in the next line.

86. the glebe, tilled land; from O.F. glebe, Lat. gleba. Cf. Gray, 'Elegy'-

"Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke."

In prose, the word is restricted to mean the land belonging to a parish church.

97. wash, a lotion for the complexion. Cf. l. 127 below.

98. airs, manners affected in order to fascinate. Cf. Canto iv. 34; v. 32.

99, 100. There does not seem to be any appreciable difference between a "flounce" and a "furbelow." Note how well Pope here preserves the unity of feeling by making the sprites turn even the dreaming thoughts to matters the most frivolous.

105. Diana's law. Diana was the goddess of chastity.

106. china jar. Ladies had a craze for such things. Cf. Gay, 'To a Lady—On Her Passion for Old China':—

"What ecstasies her bosom fire! How her eyes languish with desire! How blest, how happy, should I be, Were that fond glance bestowed on me! New doubts and fears within me war: What rival's near? A china jar."

109. lose her heart or necklace. Dennis found fault with such expressions, calling them puhs. But such a combination of the literal and metaphorical in the same expression is quite in keeping with the mock-heroic subject. Cf.:—

"Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea"
—(Canto iii. 7);

"Just in the jaws of ruin and codille"

-(Canto iii. 92);

"He first the snuff-box opened, then the case"

-(Canto iv. 122).

112. Zephyretta's care. Notice the appropriate names given to the sylphs. "Brillante" is "the glittering one," "Momentilla" is in charge of the watch which marks the "moments," while "Crispissa" "crisps" or curls the hair.

113. the drops, ear-rings; in 1. 140 called "the pendants of her ear," and in Canto iii. 137, "the diamond in her ear."

116. Dennis considered it derogatory to the dignity of the chief sprite to be the keeper of "a vile Iceland cur," thus slandering the gentle Shock in an adaptation of Pistol's words to Corporal Nym—"thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland." But Pope is hitting at the inordinate fondness of women of fashion for pampered pet-dogs. Cf. Wycherley, 'The Gentleman Dancing-Master,' ii. 2: "O then, miss, I may have hopes! for after the shock-dog and the babies, 'tis the man's turn to be beloved."

119. sevenfold fence. Alluding to the shield of Ajax as described by Homer in 'Iliad,' vii. 245.

of enormous dimensions. It is ridiculed in 'The Spectator,' No. 127, and 'The Tatler,' No. 116.

123-136. Observe how aptly the various punishments are apportioned to the delinquents of the boudoir.

131. styptics, of astringent or contracting power, and used for staunching blood. From στύφειν, to draw together.

132. rivelled, dried up. The word is probably obsolete now,

but it occurs several times in Dryden, and Cowper uses it in 'The Task,' Bk. ii. 488:—

"The rivelled lips of toothless, bald Decrepitude."

133. Ixion. Jupiter hurled him to Tartarus, where he was bound fast to a wheel which revolved perpetually.

CANTO III.

Lines 25-105, 135-146, 149-152 were added in the edition of 1714.

- 4. Hampton. Hampton Court Palace was built for Cardinal Wolsey, but mostly rebuilt in the reign of William III.
 - 11. instructive, used ironically.
- 14. Indian screen. Japanese screens, like China jars, were then the rage.
- 17. Snuff-taking became common in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century—it is said to date from Sir George Rooke's expedition to Vigo in 1702, which returned laden with spoils in the shape of "Vigo snuff"—and the habit spread to the ladies. See 'The Spectator,' No. 344; 'Tatler,' No. 140. In 'The Basset-Table,' Smilinda stakes a snuff-box—"once the pledge of Sharper's love." Pope refers to the uncleanliness of the habit in 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Ep. i. 161, 162—

"You laugh, half-beau, half-sloven if I stand, My wig all powder, and all snuff my band."

Pope himself took snuff, but Carruthers says he was as precise in his dress as in his poetry.

For the fan as an instrument of coquetry see 'The Tatler,' No. 52, and 'The Spectator,' No. 102.

- 18. ogling, looking slily and fondly at. "Ogle" is a frequentative from Dutch oogen, which has much the same meaning. In 'The Spectator,' No. 46, an Irish gentleman writes to say that he intends to set up for an ogling-master, and undertakes to "teach the church-ogle in the morning, and the playhouse-ogle by candle-light."
 - 21, 22. Warton says that l. 22 is from Congreve, but he gives

no reference. He must have meant l. 21, which may have been suggested by the words of the servant, Jeremy, in 'Love for Love,' i. 1: "I have despatched some half-a-dozen duns with as much dexterity as a hungry judge does causes at dinnertime." We find a similar remark in Wycherley's 'Plain Dealer,' i. 1: "You may talk, young lawyer, but I shall no more mind you than a hungry judge does a cause after the clock has struck one." But these passages make no mention of jurymen. Perhaps Pope remembered Middleton, 'A Trick to Catch the Old One,' iv. 5: "I am not so weak but I know a knave at first sight: thou inconscionable rascal! thou that goest upon Middlesex juries, and wilt make haste to give up thy verdict because thou wilt not lose thy dinner! Are you answered?"

25-28. At this period, and long after, women often played cards for high stakes. Cowper is very severe on such follies.

Cf. 'The Task,' iv. 226:-

"Even misses, at whose age their mothers wore The backstring and the bib, assume the dress Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school Of card-devoted Time, and night by night Placed at some vacant corner of the board, Learn every trick, and soon play all the game."

27. singly. Belinda is to be ombre and play against the two others.

30. sacred Nine, the Muses. Each player got nine cards.

33. Matadore. "A name (from Span. matador, a murderer) given to the three best trumps at ombre—viz., Spadillio or Espadilla, the ace of Spades; Manillio, in black suits the deuce, in red suits the seven; Basto, the ace of Clubs,—their value in taking tricks being in this order" (Deighton).

37-100. The reader will observe that the court cards of this period did not exactly agree in appearance with those we use now. They were not double-headed. At ombre the aces, except Spadillio and Basto, ranked below the court cards, unless in the case of trumps.

41. garbs succinct. Knave originally meant a servant, and Wakefield says that the knaves were thus represented, because among the ancients their robes were gathered up to enable them to work more freely.

- 44. the velvet plain, the table covered with green cloth, called "the verdant field" in 1. 52 and "the level green" in 1. 80. Cowper, in 'The Task,' vi. 275, calls a billiard-table "a velvet level."
- 46. The one who was ombre had the privilege of declaring which suit was to be trumps.
- 61. mighty Pam, the knave of Clubs, and the highest card in the game of Loo.
- 67. Amazon, a warlike woman. The Amazons were a fabled nation of female warriors.
- 92. codille. The position was called codille when either opponent scored more tricks than the ombre. The winner got the pool, which the ombre had to make good for the next game. Belinda has so far won four tricks and lost four.

101-104. Imitated from Virgil, 'Æneid,' x. 501-505.

106. The coffee was roasted and ground by the ladies.

107-110. These lines are a fine specimen of Pope's poetic diction. What may offend in a translation of Homer is quite in keeping here, in a mock-heroic. In the true heroic it is difficult to treat the details of a meal without introducing a ludicrous note. Homer's meals pass off poetically because of the perfect adaptation of his style to the simple and natural manners of his heroic age; but when Virgil takes us into the kitchen and speaks of "magnifying the household gods" when he means "making a rousing fire," the illusion is apt to fail.

107. shining altars of Japan, merely lacquer trays. As in the case of the toilet, the word "altars" suggests a ceremonial. So smokers are said to blow clouds of incense.

108. fiery spirits, spirits of wine.

109. grateful, in the sense of Latin gratus, pleasant.

116. Remember that the sylphs had been women once.

117, 118. A hit at the "coffee-house politic praters," who in their favourite resorts settled the affairs of all the courts of Europe. They sometimes drank their coffee "laced," that is, with a dash of spirits.

On the head of Nisus there grew a purple hair, on which the safety of his kingdom depended. Scylla fell in love with Minos, who was besieging Megara, and to win his favour cut off the lock and offered it to him. He refused it, and conquered Nisus. Scylla was transformed into a kind of hawk, called Ciris.

125, 126. Cf. Shakespeare, 'King John,' iv. 2-

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds Makes deeds ill done."

127. Clarissa. This character has not been identified.

137, 138. An epic imitation.

147. the glittering forfex. After calling the scissors "a two-edged weapon" and "the little engine," Pope now has recourse to Latin. In l. 149 it is "the fatal engine." At last, in l. 151, "fate urged the shears."

152. Imitated from Milton, 'Paradise Lost,' vi. 330:-

"But the ethereal substance closed, Not long divisible."

153, 154. The catastrophe is exquisitely managed.

156. Dennis objected to this line, as to ll. 99, 100, on the ground of extravagance.

159, 160. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' ii. 268-

"And mistress of herself though China fall";

and 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. ii. Ep. ii. 190-

"Not quite a madman though a pasty fell."

163-170. This form of sentiment is common in poetry. Pope renders his satire of the passing foibles and fashions the more effective by placing them alongside of the immutable order of nature. L. 163 is adapted from Virgil, 'Æneid,' i. 607, and 'Eclogues,' v. 76.

164. coach and six. The literature of the time is full of references to this, the proper turn-out of people in the front

rank of fashion. Cf. 'Essay on Man,' iv. 170-

"Then give humility a coach and six."

If the "six" were "flouncing Flanders mares," so much the better.

165. Atalantis, a book full of scandal, written by an infamous

woman, Mrs Manley.

received visits in their bed-chambers, when the bed was covered with a richer counterpane and 'graced' by a small pillow with a worked case and lace edging" (Croker).

173. the labour of the gods. See next line.

177, 178. From Catullus, 'De Coma Berenices':-

"Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?" (Pope).

CANTO IV.

Lines 11-94, 141, 142, 165, 166 were added in the edition of 1714.

1, 2. From the opening lines of Virgil, 'Æneid,' iv.

3-8. Observe the mingling of the serious and the comic, of

real and imaginary sorrows and distresses.

16. Cave of Spleen. According to the ancients, the organ of the body called the spleen was the seat of the passions. When the spleen was in a healthy state it promoted cheerfulness; when it became disordered, a fit of anger or melancholy was the result. Thus in Shakespeare even an outburst of laughter is called a spleen. "If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me" ('Twelfth Night,' iii. 2). But by Pope's time the spleen was the name given to an attack of low spirits, a sort of fashionable hypochondria—"the modish spleen." Matthew Green wrote a poem called 'The Spleen' (1737), which, despite the unpromising title, is well worth reading for its whimsicality. According to Green, it is

"Heaven to be serene; Pain, hell; and purgatory spleen."

18. dome. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 247.

20. the dreaded east. Wakefield thinks the description of the Cave of Spleen was modelled on Ovid, 'Metamorphoses,' ii. 760, but the likeness is not at all close. At any rate, this reference to the east wind is delightfully English. Cowper, in 'The Task,' iv. 363, speaks of

"The unhealthful east

That breathes the Spleen, and searches every bone."

The effect of the east wind on the temper is maliciously illustrated by Pope in 'Moral Essays,' i. 112-114:—

"Who does a kindness is not therefore kind; Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast, Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east." Shakespeare speaks disparagingly of the south wind, and one ingenious critic has inferred that he was probably a valetudinarian. Such inferences are dangerous in Shakespeare's case; but when we remember Pope's rickety frame, we may not be altogether wrong in finding a personal element in the above lines, as in his remarks on fools, "proud to catch cold at a Venetian door," and in his description of Timon's Villa, where the master dwells in a Brobdingnagian draught, "a puny insect shivering at a breeze" ('Moral Essays,' iv.)

24. megrim, headache; lit., a pain affecting one side of the

head (Fr. migraine; Gr. ήμι-, half, κρανίον, the skull).

30. lampoons, personal satires; from Fr. lampon, a drinking-song with the refrain lampons! "let us drink!" Note that the lampoons are placed nearer her heart than the prayers.

33. practised to lisp. Chaucer says of the Friar in his 'Pro-

logue,' 1. 264:-

"Somewhat he lipsede, for his wantownesse To make his Englissh sweet upon his tonge."

40. as the mists arise. Homer makes Thetis rise from the sea "like a mist" ('Iliad,' i. 359); and in 'Paradise Lost,' i. 711, Pandemonium "rose like an exhalation." In 'The Temple of Fame,' l. 91, Pope says of Thebes:—

"The growing towers like exhalations rise."

43. snakes on rolling spires—i.e., with coiled bodies; Milton's—

"In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd."

('Par. Lost,' ix. 183.)

- 45. Elysian, heavenly. Elysium was the abode of the blest in the other world.
- 46. angels in machines, coming down from heaven to help mortals. In Greek tragedy gods were brought on the stage by a contrivance called $\mu\eta\chi\alpha\nu\dot{\eta}$. The Latin phrase Deus ex machina is still used metaphorically to express some unexpected way out of a difficulty. Critics speak of the "machinery" of poems like 'Paradise Lost,' meaning the part played in them by supernatural agents. The sylphs, &c., form the "machinery" of this poem.
 - 54. spleenwort. This was his passport. So Æneas, in

Virgil ('Æneid,' vi.), has to carry a golden branch when visiting the lower regions.

56. rule, grammatically, ought to be "rulest."

57. vapours, nervousness, akin to hysteria. It seems to have been mostly a female ailment. In 'The Spectator,' No. 536, a correspondent writes: "Mr Spectator, you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the vapours as the ladies." Cf. Young, 'To the Right Hon. Mr Dodington'—

"Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their airs; My lord has vapours, and my lady swears."

But in 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Ep. i. 186-188, Pope writes—

"Just less than Jove, and much above a king, Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd) A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god."

67. citron-waters, a mixture of spirits of wine and citron-peel. Pope hits at the tendency of some ladies of fashion to this and other forms of dram-drinking in 'Moral Essays,' ii. 63, 64, and 109-112:—

"Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs, Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.

Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought."

In Congreve, 'Way of the World,' iv. 1, Mirabell says to his lady: "I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the teatable, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary; but for cowslip wine, poppy water, and all dormitives, those I allow."

77, 78. The bag was given to Ulysses by Æolus, keeper of the winds.

85. Thalestris, Mrs Morley, a friend of Belinda's.

95. in paper durance, in curl-papers. "In durance vile" is

still a high-sounding term for "in prison." In Shakespeare, '2 Henry IV.,' v. 5, Pistol, who is fond of big words, says:—

"Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison."

96. torturing irons, curling-tongs. The literal meaning of "torturing" is "twisting," but the secondary meaning continues the prison idea of the previous line.

98. double loads of lead. "The curl-papers of ladies' hair

used to be fastened with strips of pliant lead" (Croker).

by young men, but whose name is now received with derision. It was once the custom to put pieces of toast in liquor. Rochester's song, 'Upon Drinking in a Bowl,' opens thus:—

"Vulcan, contrive me such a cup As Nestor used of old; Show all thy skill to trim it up, Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim."

Possibly, therefore, a lady was called a toast because her name was an accompaniment to the liquor. In 'The Tatler,' No. 24, Addison gives the following account of the origin of the name: "It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross-Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast."

114. I.e., till men living in the west shall go to stay in the city, within the sound of Bow-Bells; till wits shall become "cits" or citizens. "Cit" was a term of reproach at this time. Cf. 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Ep. i. 89—

[&]quot;Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth!"

115, 116. Cf. Gay, 'Funeral: a Town Eclogue'-

"Break china, perish Shock, die perroquet, When I Fidelio's dearer love forget!"

117. Sir Plume, Sir George Brown. He was angry at being made to talk nothing but nonsense, and no wonder!

120. the nice conduct of a clouded cane. Beaux carried mottled Malacca canes. The following lines from Gay's 'Trivia,' i., show that canes were carried for more serious purposes:—

"If the strong cane support thy walking hand, Chairmen no longer shall the wall command; Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey, And rattling coaches stop to make thee way: This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, Though not one glaring lamp enliven night, Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce; Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use."

121. Cf. 'Dunciad,' ii. 194-

"He looks, and grins broad nonsense with a stare."

124. z—ds! zounds, an oath; shortened from "God's wounds." Cf. "'slife," "'sfoot," "'sdeath," "'sheart," &c. It has been doubted whether 's stands for "God's" or "His"; but the forms "gadsbud" and "'adsbud" for "'sbud," and "gad's precious" for "'sprecious," settle the question.

126. he spoke, and rapped his box. Cf. 'Dunciad,' iv. 493—

"Roused at his name, up rose the bousy sire, And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire; Then snapt his box, and stroked his belly down."

129-132. Imitated from part of the speech of Achilles in 'Iliad,' i. 234-237: "Yea, by this staff which never more shall put forth leaves or twigs, since it hath for ever left its trunk on the mountains, nor shall it sprout again, for the axe hath stripped from off it leaves and bark."

152. bohea, then the best, now the worst quality of black tea.

154. A verse of Waller's 'Go, lovely Rose!' at once comes into mind:—

"Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died."

Cf. Gray, 'Elegy'-

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

CANTO V.

Lines 53-56, 83, 84, and 131, 132 were added in the edition of 1714; lines 7-36 in that of 1717.

5, 6. Refers to that passage in Virgil, 'Æneid,' iv., in which Dido and her sister Anna implore Æneas to stay in Carthage.

9-34. These lines form the moral of the poem. They are a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in 'Iliad,' xii. 310-328.

14. the side-box. The gentlemen sat in the side-boxes, the ladies in the front-box.

20. the small-pox, a great scourge then, and for many years after. In 'Moral Essays,' ii. 266, 267, Pope ironically praises the woman who

"Disdains all loss of tickets or codille, Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all."

Just as some subjects are not suited for poetry, so some words cannot be admitted into a serious poem without producing a ludicrous effect. Of these, "small-pox" is one. When Dryden, in his elegy 'Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings,' writes,

"Was there no milder way but the small-pox?"

the reader no longer preserves his mourning face. But Dryden wrote the poem when a schoolboy of seventeen. Pope's use of the word here is admirable. 37. virago, a man-like woman; much the same as "Amazon."

44. no common weapons. Pope evidently means the "lightning" of the eyes, "frowns," "a charge of snuff," and "a
deadly bodkin." But in 'Iliad,' xxi., the gods do use "common" weapons. Ares smites Pallas with a bronze spear, and
Pallas, in turn, pins him to earth with a mighty stone; Pallas
again strikes Aphrodite on the breast "with stout hand," and
Hera beats Artemis repeatedly on the ears with her own
bow.

45. makes the gods engage. "Homer, 'Iliad,' xx." (Pope).

47. This is an instance of Pope's compression, where his abbreviated construction exceeds the licence a poet may claim. "'Gainst" must be supplied before "Latona."

51, 52. Homer never said anything so absurd as "the ground gives way," &c. What he does say is this, and it is sublime: "Down below, Aidoneus, lord of those beneath, was in terror, and leapt from his throne and cried aloud, fearing lest Poseidon, the earth-shaker, should cleave the earth above him, and his halls be laid bare to mortals and immortals, halls terrible and hateful to the gods." L. 52 more nearly corresponds to Virgil's "trepidentque immisso lumine manes," which occurs in a simile, and is not stated as a fact. This whole passage in Pope is scarcely legitimate parody.

53. on a sconce's height. A sconce is a candlestick; O.F. esconce, a dark lantern; Lat. absconsus, abscondere, to hide. Another word "sconce" from the same root is used by Shakespeare in three senses—(1) an earthwork, (2) a helmet,

(3) the head.

54. sate to view the fight. "Minerva, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the suitors, in 'Odyss.,' perches on a beam of the roof to behold it" (Pope).

55. on their bodkin spears, like Homeric heroes watching a combat. But the "bodkin spears" were perhaps suggested by a line in Garth's 'Dispensary,' canto vi.

60. Cf. 'The Dispensary,' canto v. :-

"Stunned with the blow, the battered bard retired, Sunk down, and in a simile expired."

Sheffield's 'Essay on Poetry':-

"Or else like bells, eternally they chime, They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme." 64. "those eyes are made so killing." "The words of a

song in the opera of 'Camilla'" (Pope).

65. Mæander's flowery margin. The Mæander (now Meinder) is a river in Phrygia which flows between Caria and Lydia. It was proverbial for its many windings, and hence our word "meander."

66. and as he sings he dies. The belief that the swan died singing was prevalent in classical times. Here Pope borrows immediately from Ovid. Fielding thus ridicules the idea in 'The Pleasures of the Town':—

"Barbarous cruel man,
I'll sing thus while I'm dying, I'm dying like a swan,
A swan,
A swan,
With my face all pale and wan."

71-74. Imitated from passages in 'Iliad,' viii. and xxii., and 'Æneid,' xii., when Zeus (Jove) weighs the issues of battle in a pair of scales. Cf. Dryden's 'King Arthur'—

"Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates, Are weighing now within the scales of heaven";

and 'Don Sebastian'-

"This hour my lot is weighing in the scales."

83. the gnomes direct, just as in Homer Athene turns aside

the spear.

89-96. "In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, 'Iliad,' ii." (Pope). But there is one essential difference: the sceptre is a sceptre from first to last.

95. in a bodkin, in the form of a bodkin, or hair-pin.

97, 98. Evidently an imitation of the words of the dying Patroclus to Hector in 'Iliad,' xvi.

103, 104. Objected to by Dennis as too vehement. "The vaulted roofs rebound" occurs in Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast.'

106. roared for the handkerchief refers to Shakespeare's 'Othello,' iii. 4. But Othello does not roar.

114. "Vide Ariosto, canto xxxiv." (Pope). But "things lost on earth" scarcely applies to some of the items. Cf. Milton's

Limbo of Vanity in the outermost sphere of the universe, 'Paradise Lost,' iii. 444:—

"Store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aerial vapours flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had filled the works of men."

120. the tears of heirs. Cf. King's 'Art of Cookery'-

"Onions will make even heirs or widows weep."

122. dried butterflies. In 'Dunciad,' iv., Pope satirises antiquarians and men of science, and makes one, possessed by "insect lust," describe his chase after his prize, which he shows to the queen:—

"Fair even in death! this peerless butterfly."

casuistry, the science of cases of conduct; applying general rules to special and difficult cases.

126. to Proculus alone. Romulus was supposed to have been carried off to heaven during a review of the Romans in the Campus Martius, but appeared afterwards to a senator, Proculus Julius.

127, 128. From Ovid and Virgil.

129. Berenice's locks. Berenice was the wife of Ptolemy Euergetes. She dedicated her hair as an offering for his safe return from an expedition to Syria. Her hair was made a constellation to reward her piety.

133. the beau-monde, people of fashion.

the Mall, in St James's Park, formerly a fashionable promenade.

136. Rosamonda's lake. "A small oblong piece of water near the Pimlico Gate of St James's Park" (Croker). It

was filled up at the end of the eighteenth century.

- 137. Partridge. "John Partridge was a ridiculous stargazer who, in his almanacks every year, never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope and the King of France, then at war with the English" (Warburton). He was ridiculed by Swift, who predicted his death in his 'Predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff.'
- 138. Galileo's eyes, the telescope; called the "optic glass" by Milton and the "philosophic tube" by Cowper.

147. those fair suns, her eyes.
149. Swift pays the following tribute to the Lock in his
News from Parnassus':—

"When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
Though poets have the second-sight,
They shall not see a trail of light,
Nor shall the vapours upwards rise,
Nor a new star adorn the skies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's hair?"

ESSAY ON MAN.

THE DESIGN.

- 2. my Lord Bacon. His proper title was Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St Albans.
- 3. "come home to men's business and bosoms," from the dedication of Bacon's 'Essays' to the Duke of Buckingham (1625).
- 51. the charts which are to follow, the 'Moral Essays,' which were to form part of a scheme never carried out.

EPISTLE I.

- 1. St John. Henry St John, Viscount Bolingbroke, who, since his return from his enforced stay on the Continent, had been living at his seat of Dawley, near Uxbridge, in studious retirement.
 - 3, 4. Cf. 'Epistle to Arbuthnot,' l. 262-
 - "To live and die is all I have to do."
- 5. expatiate, wander over in thought. It is a Miltonic word. Cf. 1. 98 and 'Windsor Forest,' 1. 254—
 - "Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies."
 - 6. maze, puzzle. In the first edition the line ran-
 - "A mighty maze of walks without a plan."
- 9. beat this ample field, so as to start the game and drive them to one place. The metaphor from field sports is continued in ll. 10, 11, 13, and 14. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' i. 96—
 - "In man, the judgment shoots at flying game."

Warburton remarks that these figures are much beneath the dignity of the subject. They have been used very appropriately by most English writers, notably by Shakespeare.

10. yield, grammatically, should be "yields."

16. vindicate the ways of God to man. Pope might just as well have given us outright Milton's "justify the ways of God to men" ('Paradise Lost,' i. 26). Warburton refines on the distinction between "vindicate" and "justify."

18. from what we know, reasoning by analogy, from the

known to the unknown.

29, 30. These lines follow closely Bolingbroke's 'Fragments,' No. 43: "As distant as they are, and as different as we may imagine them to be, they are all tied together by relations and connexions, gradations and dependencies."

29. this frame, the universe considered as a whole put together of parts that fit into each other. Cf. Shakespeare,

'Measure for Measure,' iii. 1-

- "Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense, Such a dependency of thing on thing."
- 31. pervading, penetrating the whole; used ironically.
- 37. the harder reason. The one reason is as hard as the other.
- 41. argent fields, the heavenly bodies. Milton uses the same expression of the moon in 'Paradise Lost,' iii. 460, and Tennyson in 'St Agnes' Eve':—

"As this pale taper's earthly spark, To yonder argent round."

42. Jove's satellites, the bodies that revolve round the planet Jupiter. The word here retains its Latin pronunciation of four

syllables.

44. wisdom infinite must form the best. This is the doctrine of optimism, expounded by Leibniz in his Théodicée, that this is the best, not necessarily of all possible worlds, but the best for the divine purposes of creation.

45. full or not coherent be. There must be continuity, with

no gaps, or the system will not hold together.

48. such a rank as man, only if the chain is as absolute as Pope assumes; otherwise it may not be at all necessary.

53-56. From Bolingbroke, 'Fragments,' Nos. 43 and 63, but the truth is painfully self-evident.

53. pain here means "trouble," "care." We now use the plural "pains." So "painful" once meant "painstaking." The phrase "on pain of death" means "on penalty of death." In 'The Cock and the Fox,' 1. 627, Dryden uses "pained his voice" for "exerted his voice," in imitation of Chaucer.

61-68. The illustrations in these lines fall much below what the argument requires.

64. Ægypt's God. The bull of Memphis, worshipped as the god Apis.

73-76. These quibbling and irrelevant lines were originally placed after 1. 98. Pope omitted them altogether in 1740, but in 1743 Warburton put them in their present place. A state of complete happiness implies progression and development.

81. riot, luxury. The derivation of the word is uncertain.

- 88. a sparrow fall. This refers to St Matt. x. 29: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." Pope ignores the following verses: "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." He was obliged to do so by his argument, if the ruin of a world and the bursting of a bubble are of equal moment. If he means to say that God has regard to small things as well as to great, he has chosen a bad way of saying it.
 - 93. what future bliss, what form thy future bliss shall take.
 - 96. Cf. Dryden, 'Religio Laici,' Il. 27, 28-
 - "For happiness was never to be found, But vanished from them like enchanted ground."
- 99-112. The "poor Indian" helps the poetry more than the philosophy. This passage is a finished piece of swinging rhetoric.
- 102. the solar walk, the ecliptic, the sun's apparent path in the heavens. Cf. Dryden, 'Threnodia Augustalis,' l. 353—
 - "Out of the solar walk and Heaven's highway";
- Virgil, 'Æneid,' vi. 797: "Extra anni solisque vias."
 108. no Christians thirst for gold. Cf. 'The Tale of Marra-

ton' in 'Spectator,' No. 56: "The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal."

110. no seraph's fire. In the original Hebrew this word for

a higher angel means "to burn." Cf. 1. 278-

"As the rapt seraph that adores and burns";

'Eloisa to Abelard,' l. 320-

"Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow."

112. Wakefield compares Pope's translation of 'Iliad,' xxii. 212, when Achilles sacrifices two dogs on the pyre of Patroclus:—

"Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board, Fall two, selected to attend their lord."

But the words "selected to attend their lord" are Pope's own, and there is no warrant for attributing to Homer any belief similar to this of the Indians.

113. sense, the senses.

117. for thy gust, for the pleasure of the palate; Lat. gustus, taste.

121. the balance and the rod, for dispensing justice and

punishment.

126-128. A mixture of Bolingbroke and Bacon expressed by a unique form of antithesis. The Fall of the angels is supposed by the majority of the Fathers to have been due to pride or envy. Milton combines the two in 'Paradise Lost,' v. 658-665:—

"Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power,
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaimed
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd."

Cf. Shakespeare, 'Henry VIII.,' iv. 2:-

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?"

133. genial power, productive, generating. Cf. Epistle

140. This climax is a foolish exaggeration, and not in the best of taste, like others of Pope's adaptations of Scripture.

142-144. A good example of Pope's combined clearness, terseness, and vigour.

143. when earthquakes swallow. In 1716 Algiers was visited by a series of earthquakes which destroyed many lives; and in 1732 the city of St Jago, in Chili, was swallowed up.

147. some change since all began. "Has been" must be supplied.

151-154. The meaning is that the purpose of God does not require men to be perfectly good, any more than it does unbroken regularity in nature.

155-164. Pope here regards physical and moral evil as on the same footing. But the point is, can one solution suffice for both? Why does God permit the one or the other?

156. a Borgia or a Catiline. Cæsar Borgia was the son of Pope Alexander, and was made Cardinal by his father in 1493. He lived a life of intrigue, and caused the assassination of his own brother. He and his father formed the design of poisoning some of the Cardinals at a banquet. By mistake the two scoundrels themselves drank of the poisoned wine. The father died, but the son recovered, and after a few years of adventure was slain under the walls of Pampeluna in 1507.

Lucius Sergius Catilina was a profligate Roman noble who formed a conspiracy against the state. Cicero, who was consul, discovered the plot and denounced Catiline. Catiline perished in the following year (B.C. 62), fighting against Antony.

160. young Ammon. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,'
1. 376.

169. all subsists by elemental strife. Cf. Cowper, 'The Task,' i. 367—

[&]quot;By ceaseless action all that is subsists."

176. the strength of bulls, the fur of bears. Pope might have found examples less absurd than these.

177. This is evidently one of Pope's "nodding" lines.

181. of course, in due order.

193-196. From Locke, ii. 23. 12.

195. optics, eyes; not, as generally, the science of the nature and laws of light and vision. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' i. 32—

"The optics seeing, as the object seen."

197-200. These lines show how too much compression may be as serious a fault as "scamped" work. Pope probably means to say: "What would be the use, were finer touch given, if, tremblingly alive all o'er, man were to smart and agonise at every pore? What would be the use of quick effluvia darting through the brain, if he were to die of a rose in aromatic pain?"

199. effluvia, minute particles that flow out from bodies. It generally refers to disagreeable vapours arising from decaying matter. Pope means that, were one's senses too fine, even the agreeable things of nature would become painful. By means of effluvia, "new life" is imparted in an unsavoury passage of 'Dunciad,' ii.

200. aromatic pain, perhaps suggested by the following lines in an 'Ode to the Spleen' (1701), by Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea:—

"But now a jonquil daunts the feeble brain, We faint beneath the aromatic pain;"

if not by Dryden, 'Annus Mirabilis,' stanza 29, where we are told how some of the crews of the Dutch ships returning from the Indies found their death from their cargoes:—

"Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball, And now their odours armed against them fly: Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall, And some by aromatic splinters die."

202. music of the spheres. Plato, the Pythagoreans, and others fancied that the spheres made music in their rotation.

Many poets have references to this fancy. Cf. 'Merchant of Venice,' v. 1—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

Warburton censures Pope for this illustration, and Pattison rather lamely defends him. His imaginary case should have had at least some appearance of reality, while this has none. Locke is more careful. "If our sense of hearing were but one thousand times quicker than it is, how would a perpetual noise distract us? And we should in the quietest retirement be less able to sleep than in the middle of a sea-fight" ('Essay,' ii. 23).

210. green is applicable only to some of them.

peopled grass. Cf. Epistle iii. 183; Milton, 'Il Penseroso,' ll. 6, 7—

"As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

213. lioness. The lioness is said to have a far more acute sense of smell than Pope supposed.

between. While this use of the preposition after its noun was common enough in old English, it is not defensible here.

214. the tainted green, the grass which retains the scent. Cf. 'Windsor Forest,' l. 101—

"But when the tainted gales the game betray."

217, 218. Pattison quotes Sir John Davies, 'Nosce Te Ipsum,' and Wakefield Dryden, 'Marriage-a-la-Mode,' ii. But a nearer parallel than either is in 'Annus Mirabilis,' stanza 180:—

"So the false spider when her nets are spread,
Deep ambushed in her silent den does lie,
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly."

Pope, however, deserves all the credit for the bold Virgilian line-

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

219. nice bee, sensitive and discriminating.

223. barrier. Pronounced as a dissyllable. Some editors have supposed the word to have been newly introduced from the French, but it is found in Middle English. Pope, again, uses it with the accent on the first, and the second and third syllables run together in 'Dunciad,' i. 178:—

"Guard the sure barrier between that and sense."

226. sense, sensation.

234. quick, alive. Cf. the Apostles' Creed—"the quick and the dead"; 'Dunciad,' i. 59—

"How hints, like spawn, scare quick, in embryo lie."

237. vast chain of being. This idea of an unbroken series of species is found in much of the philosophy and poetry of the

time. Cf. Epistle iii. 26 and iv. 333.

251-258. In 1. 256 "tremble" appeared in all the editions previous to 1751, when Warburton changed it to "trembles." If we read "trembles" we must regard 1. 252 as the consequence of the hypothesis contained in 1. 251, and 11. 255, 256 as consequences of the hypotheses in 11. 253, 254. What, then, of the words "all this dread order break" in 1. 257? Do they stand as another hypothesis or as part of the preceding consequence, or as a summing up of the whole consequences? If they be a hypothesis, the omission of "let" is awkward; and if a consequence, "break" should be "breaks." It is more satisfactory to read "tremble," and regard each line as a hypothetical consequence of a hypothetical demand made by presumptuous man for promotion in the scale of being.

259-262. 1 Cor. xii. 15-21.

267-280. In consequence of the doctrines contained in these lines Pope has been charged with Spinozism. But, of course, God may be supposed to animate the world without being completely identified with its substance.

276. in a hair as heart. A paltry alliteration, which shows a want of tact in handling a great subject.

278. rapt, transported, carried away in thought. Cf. 'Eloisa to Abelard,' l. 202—

"Not touched, but rapt; not wakened, but inspired."

285. submit. We may quarrel with Pope's logic; we must admire the lesson.

286-288. Cf. Johnson, 'The Vanity of Human Wishes':-

"Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar The secret ambush of a specious prayer; Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best."

EPISTLE II.

- 1. Know then thyself. γνῶθι σεαυτόν, "know thyself," was an inscription on the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and ascribed to the Seven Sages or to Apollo himself.
 - 3. this isthmus. Warton compares Cowley, 'Ode on Life':-
 - "Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise Up betwixt two eternites."

Cf. 'Macbeth,' i. 7-

"Here, upon this bank and shoal of time."

- 5. sceptic, one who doubts and hesitates to admit the certainty of doctrines; but often, as here, one who denies the existence of God.
- 6. the Stoic's pride. The Stoics were the followers of Zeno, who taught that the virtuous man was, in a sense, indifferent to pleasure and pain. Cf. l. 101.
- 7. in doubt to act, or rest. "The language is vague, and incapable of an interpretation which is generally true; but the probable sense seems to be that man is in doubt whether to embrace an active belief, or whether to resign himself to a passive, inert scepticism" (Elwin).
- 10. This line is very extravagant, but it suits Pope's love of antithesis.
- 11, 12. This is from Pascal's 'Pensées.' While insisting on a scale in creation as a whole, Pope would level all distinctions in man's intellectual sphere.
- 14. abused, or disabused. "Abused" is here used in the obsolete sense of "deceived." Cf. 'Macbeth,' ii. 1—

"Wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd sleep."

"Disabused" is still used, meaning "undeceived."

18. Pascal, 'Pensées,' xxii: "Gloire et rebut de l'univers." Pascal's extreme sentiments are quite in keeping with his argument; they do not help Pope's.

21. orbs, orbits. Cf. Shakespeare, 'I Henry IV.' v. I-

"Move in that obedient orb again, Where you did give a fair and natural light."

22. correct old Time. This probably refers to the New Style or Gregorian Calendar, which had been already introduced into several European countries, but was not adopted in England till 1752.

23. Plato (429-347 B.c.), the great idealistic philosopher of Greece. In his disparagement of Plato Pope merely parrots Bolingbroke, who styled him "the father of philosophical lying."

empyreal sphere, formed of fire (Gr. ξμπυρος). According to the Platonists the earth was the centre of seven spheres, of which the seventh and outermost was the empyreal.

24. The ideas or types of the things we on earth perceive by the senses were supposed to have a real existence in the

empyreal sphere.

25. his followers, the Neo-Platonists, of whom Plotinus (205-270 A.D.) was the chief. These philosophers revived Platonic doctrines, to which they made many mystic additions.

- 26. imitating God, refers to the teaching of Plotinus that the philosopher ought to strive after the contemplation of pure thought, putting aside the world of matter as not absolutely true.
- 32. a mortal man, Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), who established the law of gravitation.
- 34. as we show an ape. This is anything but respectful to Newton.
 - 39. man's superior part. Pope first wrote "intellectual part."
- 44. equipage of pride, fine trappings. The tendency now is to use this word only of a carriage, with its horses and retinue, as if it were derived from Latin equus, a horse, whereas it is allied to the English "shape." In 'The Basset-Table' a case containing a toothpick, a thimble-case, and a pair of scissors is called an "equipage."
- 59. acts, actuates, incites to action. The word is quite common in this sense in all writers of the time.
 - 61, 62. The lines are very unsatisfactorily expressed. If

"that" refers to self-love and "this," to reason (as is natural), "man no action could attend" must mean "no action could wait upon or result from man"; and "were active to no end" must mean that man would act blindly or to no purpose. But "that" might just as well stand for reason and "this" for self-love, and then the lines would mean that without reason man would pay no attention to his acts, and without self-love would have no "spring of motion."

79. This is badly expressed. He means, "Habit and experience are the result of attention."

80. self-love restrains. On the contrary, habit and experience often strengthen self-love.

81. schoolmen. The term is probably used in a wider sense than the mediæval, to include all academic teachers of philosophy.

82. more studious to divide. In making the division into self-love and reason Pope falls into the same error.

88. pleasure their desire. Cf. Montaigne, 'Essays,' i. 19: "Let the philosophers all say what they will, the main thing at which we all aim, even in virtue itself, is pleasure." But, though we may aim at an object which excites pleasure, we do not of necessity aim at the pleasurable feeling.

93. This was the popular philosophy of the time. Butler, in his 'Sermons,' takes quite a different view: "Men have various appetites, passions, and particular affections, quite dis-

tinct both from self-love and from benevolence."

98. list, enlist. Pope employs the word again in the 'Epistle to Lady Francis Shirley':—

"I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

But in some editions it is wrongly printed "lift."

99, 100. By "that imparted" he seems to mean "when reason has been imparted to these passions." But he may be making a distinction between the social and the purely selfish passions, "that" being a relative and not a demonstrative. As far as the philosophy is concerned, it does not matter much which interpretation we adopt.

101. in lazy apathy. Pope quite misrepresents the Stoics. Their "apathy" did not mean insensibility, but a serene state of soul, above all agitations, and the result of discipline and self-control. The Stoics were anything but lazy.

108. reason the card, the compass; called by Shakespeare in 'Macbeth,' i. 3, "the shipman's card." Cf. Burns, 'To a Mountain Daisy'—

"Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent lore."

109, 110. For the reasoning, compare Epistle i. 157-160.

117. train, a characteristic eighteenth-century word.

119. One cannot very well mix a family.

131. one master passion, called in l. 138 the "ruling passion." Burns's criticism of Pope's psychology is interesting—'To the Right Hon. C. J. Fox':—

"On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like the old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours.

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him? Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,

One trifling particular truth should have missed him,

For, spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science defies definitions."

- 132. like Aaron's serpent. See Exod. vii. 11, 12.
- 137. cast, fused.
- 139. humour, a fluid (Lat. humor). The chief fluids of the body were supposed to be four—blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile; the corresponding temperaments, resulting from the predominance of each, being the sanguine, the phlegmatic, the choleric, and the melancholy.
- I44. the peccant part, the offending, diseased part. Dr Johnson must have had this line in his mind when, at the close of a discussion on medicated baths, he said to one of the company, "Well, sir, go to Dominicetti and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy head, for that is the peccant part."
 - 145. Compare with 1. 80 above, and see the note.
- 146, 147. Wit, spirit, and reason are faculties. Pope probably means, "Wit, spirit, and the rest of the faculties, including reason."
 - 150. this weak queen, reason.
 - 159. a gout. Pope also speaks of "a dropsy," "an asthma."
 - 166. several. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 66.

167, 168. I.e., this drives them, tost by other passions as by varying winds, &c.

175. the Eternal Art, nature. Cf. Epistle i. 289-

"All nature is but art unknown to thee."

181-184. "Under the government of reason the savage and vicious stock sends forth a healthy shoot of virtue which is rendered strong and stable by the vigour of the ruling passion, or parent stem" (Elwin).

191, 192. Pope at first wrote-

"Envy, in critics and old maids the devil, Is emulation in the learned and civil."

195, 196. This is wrongly expressed. It is the passion that is given us by nature, and is afterwards turned to virtue.

198. Nero, Roman Emperor from 54 to 68 A.D., and one of the most vicious of men. He persecuted the Christians, and is supposed to have been instrumental in setting fire to Rome.

Titus, Emperor of the Romans from 79 to 81 A.D.; famous for his clemency and as the author of the saying, Perdidi diem, "I have lost a day."

199. Catiline. See note on Epistle i. 156.

200. Decius, Publius Decius Mus, a Roman consul, who, putting faith in a vision, devoted himself to death to ensure the victory of the Romans over the Latins at Vesuvius, in 340 B.C.

Curtius. Mettus Curtius leaped into the gulf which had opened in the Roman Forum, in B.C. 362, and which could be filled up only by the sacrifice of Rome's best.

204. the God within the mind. Not conscience, as Warburton says, but reason.

213, 214. Burke quotes these lines in his 'Sublime and Beautiful,' and shows great partiality for the illustration in all his works. Cf. Dryden, 'Astræa Redux,' ll. 127, 128—

"Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white Without offending the well-cozened sight."

217, 218. Cf. Dryden, 'The Hind and the Panther,' ll. 33,

"For truth has such a face and such a mien As to be loved needs only to be seen," 223. Orcades, Orkney and Shetland islands.

224. Zembla, Nova Zembla, to the north of Russia.

241. happy frailties, very unhappy in some cases.

267, 268. These instances of physical infirmity, moral delinquency, and mental affliction ought not to be put on the same plane. The "blind beggar" dances in spite of his blindness and poverty; "the cripple" sings in spite of his infirmity; "the sot" is a hero so long as he is drunk; the "lunatic" is a king so long as he is crazy. Sober the sot and restore the lunatic, and their heroics will cease; but the case of the blind and the cripple is different.

269. chemist, alchemist.

golden views, expectation of gold.

272. pride, self-satisfaction, which mercifully hides our own imperfections from us.

275-282. This is a poor reading of human nature. Cf. Dryden, 'All for Love'—

- "Men are but children of a larger growth, Our appetites as apt to change as theirs, And full as craving too and full as vain."
- 276. rattle. Cf. 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Ep. i. 17, 18-
 - "Farewell then verse, and love, and every toy, The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy."
- 279. scarfs, of black silk, worn by Doctors of Divinity. garters. See note on 'Rape of the Lock,' i. 85.

280. beads, the small balls on a rosary by which prayers are counted. For the sentiment, cf. Shakespeare, 'Richard II.,' iii. 3:—

"I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave."

283. opinion, changing fancy. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' i. 22-

"And all opinion's colours cast on life."

EPISTLE III.

- 2. to one end, the good of all.
- 4. trim, ornament, finery. Cf. 'Satires of Dr Donne Versified,' iv. 230-

"Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim."

In 'Moral Essays,' ii. 57, it means "spirit"_

"Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim."

- 9. plastic, shaping, moulding. We now use it in a passive sense, "capable of being moulded."
- 10. atoms, small particles of matter which cannot be divided.
 13-20. From Shaftesbury, 'Characteristics,' and Leibniz,
 'Théodicée.'

13. matter, organic bodies, as distinguished from atoms.

14. "The comparison of the general good to the centre of gravity is inaccurate. The centre of gravity is a point, the

general good is diffused good" (Elwin).

- 18. Cf. Lucretius, 'De Rerum Natura,' ii. 75-79: "Thus the sum of things is ever renewed, and mortals live by a reciprocal dependency. Some nations wax, others wane, and in a brief space the races of living things are changed, and, like runners, hand on the lamp of life" (Munro's Translation).
- 23. greatest with the least—i.e., connects the greatest with the least. But Warburton takes the words as they stand, and says, "As acting strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external reason; which made an old schoolman say, with great elegance, Deus est anima brutorum."
- 33. pours his throat. Pattison remarks that Pope rightly says "his" and not "her," as the female bird does not sing, and adds that Milton, like Gray (and he might have included Shakespeare), errs in this respect. But Milton writes "his" in 'Paradise Lost,' v. 41—
 - "The night-warbling bird, that now awake Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song."

The mistake shows how powerful tradition is. The Greek

myth supposed the singer to have been once in woman's form. The Greek and Latin poets remained true to mythology, and our writers imitated them.

38. vindicate, claim as their right.
45, 46. From Pierre Charron, 'De la Sagesse,' i. 40. Cf.
Prior, 'Solomon':—

"As well may the minutest emmet say
That Caucasus was raised to pave his way;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destined only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell."

50. the wit, the superior intelligence.

54. her varying plumage, "varying with her position, and the different angles in which the reflected light strikes upon the eye" (Wakefield). But Pope may be speaking generally, as in 'Windsor Forest,' ll. 115-118:—

"Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold."

56. This may refer to the fable of the hawk and the nightingale in Hesiod, 'Works and Days,' ll. 202-211, when the hawk reminds his victim that might is right.

Philomela was the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. According to one form of the legend, she and her sister Procne were deceived by Tereus. They were changed into birds—Philomela into a nightingale, and Procne into a swallow.

64. savage must mean "wild beast," and so in 1. 168 below. Pope must have forgot his correction of 11. 57 and 60 of 'Windsor Forest.' At first they stood thus:—

[&]quot;No wonder savages or subjects slain";

[&]quot;But subjects starved, while savages were fed."

Afterwards Pope wrote-

- "What wonder then a beast or subject slain";
- "But while the subject starved, the beast was fed,"

and added the note, "The word 'savages' is not properly applied to beasts but to men, which occasioned the alteration." But Thomson, Goldsmith, and others employ "savage" as equivalent to "wild beast."

68. favoured man by touch ethereal slain. The "touch ethereal" is the lightning. Milton uses the same expression for the rising sun in 'Samson Agonistes,' l. 549. "Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteem those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven" (Pope). But as regards the Greeks and the Romans, the contrary was the case. In Euripides, 'Supplices,' the body of Capaneus is called ίρδν νεκρόν, but he was no favourite of the gods.

80. power which suits them best. Man, being the higher, ought to have in reason a higher power than instinct, but in the following lines Pope exalts instinct above reason, and

contradicts what he has said in Epistle i. 232.

95, 96. I.e., Animals know instinctively what they want, and how to obtain it. There is not, as in man, a struggle between passion and reason, a hesitation between one method and another.

97. raise, exalt. In 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' 1. 211, it means "praise"—

"While wits and templars every sentence raise."

99. nations, used like Latin gentes. In 'Dunciad,' i. 330, it is used of frogs-

"And the hoarse nation croaked 'God save King Log!"

flood. Some editions have "wood." But Pope marked this among the errata in the edition of 1736.

104. Demoivre. Abraham De Moivre (1667-1754), a celebrated mathematician, was born in France, but, being a Protestant, came to England when the Edict of Nantes was revoked. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a friend of Newton. His chief works are 'The Doc-

trine of Chances' and 'Miscellanea Analytica de Seriebus et Quadraturis.'

105. stork, a migratory bird which winters in North Africa.

107. states the certain day. Cf. Jer. viii. 7: "Yea, the

stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times."

108. Before departing they range themselves in V-shaped form under a leader. Cf. Milton, 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 423-430. Dante, in 'Inferno,' l. 32, speaks of spirits standing in a frozen lake, and-

"Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork."

115. all-quickening ether. Pope adopts the view that all life comes from the finer element that was supposed to fill the regions beyond the atmosphere. Note that "ether" is the subject of all four clauses.

119. roam, used transitively; so "attend" in 1. 125 and

"wander" in l. 127.

134. the interest, the advantages derived from the love.

135. fix, become constant.

136. Refers to the grafting process of Epistle ii. 181-184.

138. charities, natural affections.

139. brood is improperly used of a single birth.

140. I.e., the later born were loved from instinct, the elder from habit.

147. they blindly trod, in a state of anarchy.

148. the state of nature. In his view of the state of nature Pope echoes ancient theories of a golden age, and anticipates the sentimentalism of Rousseau and his followers, who talked of "the noble savage," ignoring the fact that it is impossible to get behind communal groups so as to study the individual.

150. union, that of social affection.

154. This is a poetical fiction which originated with the later Greek writers.

161-164. From this outburst one would fancy that Pope must have been a vegetarian, but he was not.

162. the tomb. Cf. 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. ii. Sat. ii. 69, 70-

"The stomach crammed from every dish, A tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish."

168. a fiercer savage, more savage than the wild beasts. See note on l. 64 above.

174. the physic of the field. Cf. 'Windsor Forest,' 11.

"He gathers health from herbs the forest yields, And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields."

177, 178. Pope got his information about the Nautilus Argonauta from Oppian's 'Halieutica,' but the belief that it uses its arms as sails is now discredited by naturalists. Professor Morris quotes J. G. Wood's 'Nature Teachings': "There is just as much likelihood of seeing a mermaid curl her hair as of witnessing a nautilus under sail."

186. anarchy without confusion seems a contradiction in terms. Pope means a state of equality, but without law-

lessness.

191-194. This refers to the old Latin saying, "Summum jus, summa injuria," meaning that by straining the letter of the law too far it is possible to commit an injustice.

213, 214-I.e., the same virtue which the sons obeyed in a

sire caused the father of his people to become a king.

219-222. Warton praises these lines highly; Elwin tears them to tatters. They are really quite a good specimen of the Popian falsetto. "The wondering furrow" is Virgilian—"ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messes" (Georg. i. 103). Cf. 'Windsor Forest,' 1. 89—

"The forest wondered at the unusual grain."

- 223. drooping, sickening, dying, refer to the patriarch, not to "they."
 - 225, 226. But see ll. 155, 156 above.
 - 227. tradition that this All begun, had a creator.
- 230. but one, one God, not many gods; monotheism, not polytheism.
- 231. wit oblique. Warburton supposes this to refer to the refraction of light through the oblique sides of the glass prism.
- 236. right divine, the favourite doctrine of the Stuart kings that a monarch was the vicegerent of God, and was not responsible for his acts to his people, who had to give a passive obedience.
- 237. no ill could fear in God. Fear seems to have been a strong factor in all early religions. But Pope admits it later, at 1. 256.

244. to invert the world, to suppose "many made for one," not "one for the many."

249. she, superstition.

260. This is too much compressed. "Gods such as tyrants would believe in, since they are formed like tyrants."

263. See Il. 155, 156 of this Epistle.

264. reeked with gore. According to Il. 157, 158, the earlier sacrifices had been unbloody.

265. Flamen was the priest of a particular deity among the

Romans. Here it is used for a priest in general.

living food, the flesh of animals.

267, 268. I.e., he made people believe he could command the thunder, and used the terrors of his god to dismay his enemies.

274. what serves one will, of what avail is one will.

286. moral, morality; Fr. morale.

v. 5. It has not been noticed that in this passage Pope draws upon a stanza which he inserted in the 'Ode on St Cecilia's Day' when it was set to music and performed at Cambridge in 1730:—

"Amphion taught contending kings
From various discords to create
The music of a well-tuned state,
Nor slack nor strain the tender strings;
Those useful touches to impart
That strike the subject's answering heart;
And the soft silent harmony that springs
From sacred union and consent of things."

296. consent, agreement, harmony.

297, 298. I.e., where small and weak are made to serve, not suffer; where great and mighty are made to strengthen, not invade.

303, 304. But the administration depends to some extent on the form. Pope has just shown above that he hates a despotism and prefers "a well-mixed state."

305, 306. In its widest sense this is manifestly untrue, as principles are the mainspring of conduct. But as applied to the competing sects of Christendom the reminder is by no means useless.

308. The precept was forgotten by Pope when he wrote "graceless zealots." Charity is sometimes only another name for laziness.

EPISTLE IV.

- 3. Cf. Epistle i. 95.
- 8. in what mortal soil. Cf. Milton, 'Lycidas,' 1. 78-

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil";

'Paradise Lost,' i. 690-692-

"Let none admire That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best Deserve the precious bane."

Burke, in his speech "For Conciliation with the Colonies," said: "Slavery they can have anywhere; it is a weed that grows in every soil."

- shine, used as a noun, as by Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton.
- 10. the flaming mine. Diamonds are here supposed to illuminate the mine, which is not the case.
 - 11. I.e., do poets find it?
 - 12. I.e., is it found by conquest on the field of battle?
 - 15. sincere, pure. Cf. 'Epitaph,' vii.-
 - "Go then, where only bliss sincere is known."
- 18. St John! dwells with thee. The man of thwarted ambitions is not happy. St John would have talked less about happiness had he really been experiencing it.
 - 21. some place the bliss in action, "the Epicureans" (Pope).

some in ease, "the Stoics" (Pope). But he has quite transposed the tenets of the two schools (see note on Epistle ii. 101). He might have known that Atticus was considered an ideal Epicurean.

23. some sunk to beasts, "the Epioureans" (Pope). But the Epicureans placed mental above bodily pleasures. There was not much of the beast about the man who could say, "With barley-bread and water I could rival Zeus in happiness."

24. some swelled to gods, "the Stoics" (Pope). "The

allusion is to Brutus' dying speech (Dio Cass. 47.), citing the exclamation of Hercules in the tragedy: 'Miserable Virtue! thou wert then a name, and I have pursued thee as a reality!'" (Pattison).

26. doubt of all, "sceptics" (Pope). Pyrrho believed that happiness lay in the practice of duties, while suspending

judgment on all speculative questions.

29. mad opinion's leave, take leave of mad opinion, do not follow the fashion.

32. By using "but" Pope seems to think it is an easy matter,

whereas it is a difficult part of the problem.

34. I.e., all men have a stock of sagacity which enables them to perform their essential duties and to know how to

obtain the necessary amount of comfort.

40. leans and hearkens to the kind, "kind" is mankind as a species. The good of the individual tends to the good of the whole. Pope took the expression from the simile of the compasses in Donne's 'Songs and Sonnets'—

"And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it."

- 44. fix, used transitively. Cf. 1. 169.
- 55, 56. Cf. Epistle i. 169 and iii. 112.
- 57. condition, circumstance, high or low rank, rich or poor.
- 60. friend is both nominative after "is" and object of "finds."
 - 70. those, the unhappy or poor. these, the happy or rich.

73, 74. From Dryden's translation of Virgil's 'Georgics,' i. 281, 282, referring to the attempt of the giants to scale heaven

by placing Ossa on Pelion and Olympus on Ossa.
79, 80. From Bolingbroke, 'Fragments,' No. 52: "Agree-

able sensations, the series whereof constitutes happiness, must arise from health of body, tranquillity of mind, and a competency of wealth."

- 84. as they worse obtain, obtain them by worse means.
- 86. that, those that.

92. to pass for good. But the consummate hypocrite can easily pass for a good man. The happiness he must miss is the approval of his conscience, the "peace" of 1. 82,

- 94. fancy bliss to vice, fancy that bliss is allotted to vice.
- 99. Falkland. Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland (1610-1643), at first supported the Parliamentary party, but at the time of the Grand Remonstrance went over to the king. He was killed in the battle of Newbury, 1643. His friend Lord Clarendon pays a beautiful tribute to his memory in the 'History of the Rebellion.' He has also been celebrated by Waller and Cowley.
- Turenne (1611-1675), has no claim to the epithet "god-like." At an early age he made a name for himself as a military strategist. He changed sides more than once, and became a Roman Catholic in 1668 to please Louis XIV. His campaign in the Palatinate is memorable for its barbarities. He was killed at Salzbach, in Baden, in 1675.
- 101. Sidney. Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), known in literature as the author of 'Arcadia' and 'An Apologie for Poetrie,' was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, in Holland.
- 104. Digby. The Hon. Robert Digby, a friend and correspondent of Pope, died in 1726. His father, Lord Digby, died in 1752.
- 107. Marseilles' good bishop. "M. de Belsunce was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city in 1720 he distinguished himself by his activity. He died at a very advanced age in 1755" (Warton).
- 110. a parent, his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and whose death in 1733 he sincerely mourned.
- According to his scheme, all deviation and all evil ought to exist only in appearance. By this view of partial evil he admits that nature can thwart the providence of God.
- 115. I.e., either it is the result of some change or nature permits it to occur exceptionally.
- 116. improved it all. Pope is speaking ironically. He means that man made matters worse.
 - 123-130. Suggested by Wollaston, 'Religion of Nature,' v.
- 123, 124. There is said to be a confusion here between the account of the death of Pliny, who, from curiosity, approached too near to Vesuvius during the eruption of 79 A.D., and the story of the end of Empedocles, who is said to have thrown himself into a crater of Ætna that people might think he had

disappeared in true godlike fashion. But Pope was quite aware of the difference, as he at first wrote—

"To explore Vesuvius if great Pliny aims, Shall the loud mountain call back all its flames."

The strange thing is that he substituted a legend for a fact. Pattison says that the words "if a sage requires" are not appropriate to the story of Empedocles, as he did not approach the volcano from curiosity. But it was essential to the full success of his stratagem that volcanic action should cease, as some days after the volcano threw up one of his sandals. However, Pliny suits Pope's argument better than Empedocles.

shire and one of Pope's friends. 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. ii. Sat. ii. is dedicated to him, and contains the compliment:—

"Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought, And always thinks the very thing he ought."

to relieve thy breast. Bethel suffered from asthma.

128. you, St John.

130. for Chartres' head. Francis Chartres, the typical scoundrel of the age, died in 1731. Arbuthnot wrote an epitaph for him, and did not err on the side of charity.

137. Calvin. John Calvin (1509-1564) of Geneva was the great dialectician of the Reformation. He reduced the Protestant doctrines to a system in his 'Institutes,' 'Commentaries,' and 'Tracts.'

139, 140. I.e., those who admire Calvin regard every blessing that falls to him as a proof of God's existence, and every calamity that befals him as an argument against God's existence. Those who detest him think the opposite.

146. was made for Cæsar, a quotation from Addison, 'Cato,' v. 1.

For Titus see note on Epistle ii. 198.

155-166. These lines are a sample of Pope's shuffling. They are not an answer to the question "Why does virtue sometimes starve?"

160. private, a private person, one not in power.

161. external for internal, external rewards, such as position and riches, for the internal merit of virtue.

168. the soul's calm sunshine. Cf. 'Eloisa to Abelard,' l. 209-

"Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind."

170. coach and six. See note on 'Rape of the Lock,' iii. 164.
171. a gown, as the badge of an academic degree. Pope at first wrote—

"For justice a Lord Chancellor's awful gown."

172. its great cure, a crown. Pope affected a hatred of kings. Cf. Epistle ii. 280—

"Even kings learned justice and benevolence."

Yet in 'Windsor Forest' he hints that the Plague and the Fire of London were judgments for the murder of Charles I.

187, 188. Notice the contrast of tense in the verbs of these lines. "The indefinite tense seems to have peculiar propriety when we are denying that an action was performed at any time whatever" (Abbott's 'Shakespearian Grammar,' p. 246).

190. the love, the loved. "Love" is generally reserved as an individual term of endearment. But Sir Walter Scott has been called "the whole world's darling," in imitation of Suetonius on Titus, "amor ac deliciæ generis humani."

193. condition. See note on 1. 57.

196. As Johnson remarked, "flaunts" and "flutters" might with more propriety have changed places. The "stiff in brocade" and "glitters in brocade" of other poets are more to the point. But Pope originally wrote—

"Fluttering in rags, one flaunting in brocade."

203. the fellow, in a contemptuous sense.

204. prunella, a dark woollen stuff of which clergymen's gowns were made; from Fr. prunelle, a sloe. Cf. Burns—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp; The man's the gowd for a' that!"

205. strings. "Cordon is the French term for the ribbon of the orders of knighthood; but in England the ribbons are never called 'strings,' nor would Pope have used the term unless he had wanted a rhyme for 'kings'" (Elwin). Of course Pope is

in the satiric vein. He uses the same rhyme again in 'Imitations of Horace,' Bk. i. Ep. vi. 14, 15—

"Or popularity? or stars and strings?

The mob's applauses or the gifts of kings?"

In neither case is it fair to say that the first line of the couplet was made merely to suit the second. For the sentiment, cf. Burns:—

"For a' that, and a' that, His riband, star, and a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that."

207, 208. From Boileau, 'Satires,' v.:-

"Et si leur sang tout pur, ainsi que leur noblesse, Est passé jusqu'à vous de Lucrèce en Lucrèce."

212. A vigorous line. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' iii. 34-

"If secret gold sap on from knave to knave."

216. Howards, an ancient and noble English family, whose head is the Duke of Norfolk.

220. Macedonia's madman, Alexander the Great. He had many noble qualities, and "madman" is not the proper word

to apply to him.

the Swede, Charles XII. Voltaire's history of Charles had appeared in 1731. He is used by Johnson, in his 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' "to point the moral" of "the warrior's pride."

224. further than his nose, one of those colloquial phrases of

which there are too many in this poem.

226. all sly slow things, with circumspective eyes. In Shake-speare, 'Richard II.,' i. 3, we find "the sly, slow hours," but the reading of the second folio is "fly-slow." But see 'Paradise Lost,' iv. 536—

"So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd, But with sly circumspection." 235. good Aurelius, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Roman Emperor (161-180 A.D.) His 'Meditations,' which are jottings from his diary, show Stoicism in its softest and sweetest light. He was "good" to a fault, and more charitable than a ruler can afford to be.

bleed. Socrates, as Warton points out, did not "bleed," but drank the hemlock.

- 237. a fancied life in others' breath. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 480.
 - 240. Tully, Marcus Tullius Cicero.
- 244. Eugene. Prince Eugene of Savoy (1663-1736) took part with Marlborough in the war of the Spanish Succession, and gained several victories over the Turks.
- 246. the Rubicon, a little river which divided Cæsar's province of Gaul from Italy proper. The moment he crossed it with his army he began the civil war.

on the Rhine. When Pope wrote, Eugene was engaged in a campaign against the French.

247. The meaning of this line is not clear. Elwin explains it thus: "The wise—such as Shakespeare, Bacon, and Newton—are compared to feathers which are flimsy and showy; and the heroes, who are the scourges of mankind, are compared to rods." Pattison says the allusion is to the pen of the wit and the bâton or truncheon, which was the symbol of a general's authority." Cf. Burns, 'The Twa Herds':—

"There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
And that you'll fin'."

- 248. This is an exaggeration. Honesty is but one of the constituents of the noblest character.
 - 252. hung on high, left hanging on the gibbet.
- 257. Marcellus, Marcus Claudius Marcellus, who took Pompey's side against Cæsar, and when the latter proved victorious, retired to Mitylene. Marcellus is supposed to stand for the Duke of Ormond, who was at this time living at the court of the Pretender in France.
 - 259. parts superior, greater abilities.
- 260. you means Bolingbroke. The lines which follow are a fancy picture of a discredited statesman. People understood Bolingbroke quite well, but did not take him at his own or Pope's valuation.

278. Lord Umbra or Sir Billy. By "Lord Umbra" no real character is intended. "Sir Billy" may refer to Sir William Yonge, a creature of Walpole's with a very fluent tongue.

280. Gripus, the Duke of Marlborough.

282. This contrast between Bacon's mental powers and his moral character is exaggerated, as epigrams usually are. Spedding, Dixon, and other authorities have cleared away many misconceptions regarding Bacon.

283. the whistling of a name. From Cowley, in his imi-

tation of Virgil:-

"Charmed with the foolish whistlings of a name!"
—(Warton).

284. Cromwell. The character of Cromwell bids fair to be an everlasting historical problem. Pope's estimate is as extreme on the one side as Carlyle's on the other.

285. call, call out. Cf. 1. 275, "thy envy call."

286. This line was originally-

"In one man's fortune, mark and scorn them all."

The change was a blind to make it appear quite general, and not applicable to Marlborough in particular.

292. proud Venice. Venice was yet independent. It was founded in 809, on the marshes of the island of the Rialto.

297, 298. Pope first wrote-

"Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in years, Lost in unmeaning, unrepenting tears,"

referring to the dotage of Marlborough. Cf. 'Vanity of Human Wishes'-

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

But "plundered provinces" does not apply to him.

302. imperious wife. The epithet suits the character of

Sarah Jennings.

303. storied halls, a Miltonic expression. It refers to the paintings in Blenheim Palace telling the story of his victories. Pattison says "storied" can only mean "famed in story," but "the trophied arches" in the same line supports the former

interpretation. In 'Dunciad,' ii. 151, the word bears Pattison's meaning—

"Himself among the storied chiefs he spies."

314. From Shakespeare, 'Merchant of Venice,' iv. 1-

"It is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

316. it, virtue.

319. the broadest mirth, the most unrestrained, "broad" being used like "sheer," but from another point of view. Compare the colloquial "That's flat," and the Greek πλατύς κατάγελως of Aristophanes. Cf. 'Dunciad,' iv. 513—

"Poor W-- nipt in folly's broadest bloom."

337. the rising whole, the ascending scale of being.

345-348. These lines state, but not very positively, the argument for immortality on the ground that God would not put within us instincts which were destined never to be satisfied.

349-352. "His greatest virtue is benevolence; his greatest bliss the hope of a happy eternity. Nature connects the two, for the bliss depends on the virtue" (Elwin).

364-366. Pope uses a similar simile, in 'The Temple of Fame,' in imitation of Chaucer, and again in 'Dunciad,' ii. 407.

373. come along, a harsh vulgarism.

383-386. This is a higher view of fame than he takes in some parts of the Essay. Cf. 'Eloisa to Abelard,' l. 40—

"There died the best of passions, love and fame."

392, 393. He contrasts his earlier work with his moral and didactic essays, and his work as a whole with that of the "metaphysical" school. Cf. 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' l. 148—

"Soft were my numbers; who could take offence While pure description held the place of sense?"

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

5. 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace' was supposed to be the joint work of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. 6, 7. 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity,' &c., was by Lord Hervey.

John Arbuthnot (1675-1735), a native of Kincardineshire, was eminent as a physician, a scholar, and a mathematician. He was a member of the Scriblerus Club, and joined Pope and Swift in the production of the Miscellanies of 1727. His own works include 'The History of John Bull' and 'The Art of Political Lying.' He was for some time Court Physician to Queen Anne. Many writers have borne testimony to the brilliance of his wit and the kindness of his heart.

1. good John, John Searl, his servant.

3. the Dog-star rages. Certain days in summer, preceding and following the rising of Canicula, or "the Dog-star," in the morning, were called Dies Caniculares. Cf. 'Dunciad,' iv. 9-12:—

"Now flamed the Dog-star's unpropitious ray, Smote every brain, and withered every bay; Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower, The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour."

4. Bedlam, a corruption of "Bethlehem." The monastery of St Mary of Bethlehem, in London, afterwards became an asylum for lunatics.

8. my grot. The ground round Pope's villa at Twickenham was intersected by the main road leading to Hampton Court. Pope constructed a tunnel which he adorned with shells and many natural curiosities.

- 13. the Mint, in Southwark, then no longer a place for coinage, but, as Warburton says, "a place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford to one another, from the persecution of their creditors."
- 14. just at dinner-time. Cf. ll. 151-156 below. The rhymer would get as little pudding as praise from Pope. The magnanimous Johnson, who had known what it was to go dinner-less, says the right word in regard to these mean stabs: "The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion, not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want everything."
- 15. bemused in beer. Pope at first wrote "mad or steeped in beer."
- 16. maudlin, silly and sentimental. The word is said to have originally meant "shedding tears of penitence," like Mary Magdalene. But this derivation is questionable.
- 19, 20. Imitated from Martial and Boileau. It is to be hoped that the lines do not refer to Nat Lee, a ranting dramatist contemporary with Dryden, who was for some years insane.
- 23. Arthur, whose giddy son, &c. Arthur Moore was an unscrupulous politician of the time. His son James, who took the name of Moore-Smythe, dabbled in poetry. See 11. 373 and 385 below. He is the Phantom of the 'Dunciad.'
 - 25. Cornus. Said to stand for Walpole, whose wife left him.
- 28. Notice Pope's pretended indifference to his own poetry, while he really thought of little else. Contrast this line with Dryden's compliment to himself in 'Absalom and Achitophel,' Part i., ll. 194-197—
 - "Or had the rankness of the soil been freed From cockle that oppressed the noble seed, David for him his tuneful harp had strung, And heaven had wanted one immortal song."

And Part ii., 1. 410-

"Who by my muse to all succeeding times Shall live in spite of their own doggrel rhymes."

- 29. nostrum, a patent medicine—from Lat. nostrum, "our own"—the secret of its composition being known only to the seller.
- 33. tied down to judge. Warburton says this alludes to the scene in Wycherley's 'Plain Dealer,' where Oldfox gags and ties down the Widow to hear his well-penned acrostics. But it may refer to the incident of the usurer Ruso in Horace, 'Satires,' Bk. i. 3. 89.
- 40. keep your piece nine years. From Horace, 'Ars Poet.,'
 1. 388: "Nonum prematur in annum,"—sage advice, but not for a starving man.
- 41-44. Cf. Goldsmith, 'Description of an Author's Bed-chamber.'
- 41. Drury Lane, once the fashionable quarter, but in Pope's time the resort of poor authors.
 - 43. before term ends, before the end of Trinity Term.
- 48. a prologue. In order to secure attention to his play, an unknown author was glad to get a popular writer to write a prologue by way of introduction to the public.

ten pound. This refers to Theobald. In the MS. this couplet follows:-

"But the grand project Shakespeare to restore That the wag had—for what? To get ten more."

But Theobald denied having made any such request.

- 49. Pitholeon. The name is taken from Horace, 'Satires,'
- 53. Curll, Edmund Curll, the publisher. See Introduction.
- 54. a journal. "Meaning the London Journal, a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's ministry" (Warton).
 - 56. Said to allude to a tragedy called 'The Virgin Queen.'
- 62. Lintot. Bernard Lintot, the publisher, with whom Pope quarrelled after the publication of the 'Odyssey.'
 - 66. go snacks, go shares.
- 69. Midas' ears. Midas was a Phrygian king who decided in favour of Pan a musical contest between him and Apollo, who, in revenge, gave Midas ass's ears.
- 72, 73. "The story is told by some of his barber, but by Chaucer of his Queen" (Pope).
 - 85. Codrus, a poetaster in Juvenal, Satire i.

86-88. A parody on Addison's translation of Horace, 'Odes,'

"Should the whole frame of nature round him break In ruin and confusion hurled, He unconcerned would hear the mighty crack, And stand secure amidst a falling world."

96. The "arched eyebrow" of the peer and the "Parnassian sneer" of the poet denoting disdain. Cf. 'Dunciad,' ii. 5-7—

"Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer, The conscious simper, and the jealous leer, Mix on his look."

97. Colley, Cibber.

98. his butchers Henley. John Henley, a preacher, set up his "Oratory" in a booth among the butchers of Newport Market and Butcher Row. His antics are described in 'Dunciad,' iii. 199-212.

his freemasons Moore. "He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions" (Warburton).

99. Bavius, like Mævius, a proverbial name for a poor poet. See Virgil, 'Eclogues,' iii. 90—

"Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi."

100. Ambrose Philips (1671-1749) published 'Pastorals' in 1708; and the praise bestowed on them in the 'Guardian,' and the seeming disparagement of Pope's 'Pastorals,' led to a feud so bitter that the two ever afterwards lived in what Dr Johnson calls "a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence." His tragedy, 'The Distrest Mother,' adapted from the 'Andromaque' of Racine, had some success. His occasional poems gained him the nickname of "Namby-Pamby." Dr Boulter of Southwark assisted him in the publication of a periodical called 'The Freethinker,' and on being appointed to the see of Armagh, made him his secretary.

101. Sappho, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Cf. 1. 369 below.

111. Grub Street, now Milton Street. "The name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems: whence any mean production is called Grub Street" (Johnson).

obesus." "Pope the knurlin" is Burns's expressive phrase. Chaucer tells us he himself was no "popet in an arm tenbrace," and Thomson describes himself as "more fat than bard beseems."

117. Ammon's great son. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,'

376.

118. you have an eye. Warburton says his eye was "fine, sharp, and piercing." But he latterly suffered from a complaint of the eyes.

128. From Ovid, 'Tristia,' iv. 10. 25-

"Sponte sua numeros carmen veniebat ad optos, Et quod temptabam dicere, versus erat."

130. no father disobeyed. On the contrary, his father en-

couraged him in his early efforts.

Lord Lansdowne of Bideford, was for some time Secretary of State for War. He was imprisoned for suspected connection with the rising of 1715. He died in 1735, soon after the publication of this poem. He wrote several comedies and tragedies. His lighter pieces are characterised by Johnson as "trifles written by idleness and published by vanity." His 'Essay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry' is elegant and judicious. To him Pope dedicated his 'Windsor Forest.'

136. knowing Walsh. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,'

137. well-natured Garth. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 619.

138. Congreve. William Congreve (1669-1728) was the author of several comedies full of sparkling wit, and of one tragedy, 'The Mourning Bride,' which long kept the stage. His minor poetry is poor stuff, but Johnson says "he first taught the English writers that Pindar's odes were regular."

Swift endured my lays. This points to the fact that

Swift was a more exacting critic.

139. the courtly Talbot. "Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718" (Pope).

Somers. "John, Lord Somers, died in 1716. He had

been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III., who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister, who to the qualities of a consummate statesman added those of a man of learning and politeness" (Pope).

Sheffield. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 1. 723.

140. mitred Rochester. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was banished for complicity in a plot to restore the Pretender. He died in exile, at Paris, in 1732. Pope wrote his epitaph, of which Macaulay has said, "Nothing worse was ever written by Colley Cibber."

146. Burnets, Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, author of 'History of My Own Time.'

Oldmixons. "Mr John Oldmixon, next to Mr Dennis the most ancient critic of our nation. In his 'Essay on Criticism' and the 'Arts of Logic and Rhetoric' he frequently reflects on our author" (Pope).

Cookes, Thomas Cooke. In his note on 'Dunciad,' ii. 138, Pope says: "The man here specified writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes and Swift and Pope utterly routed."

148. See note on 'Essay on Man,' iv. 392.

149. gentle Fanny, Lord Hervey.

150. Refers to the 'Rape of the Lock' and 'Windsor Forest.'

151. Gildon. Charles Gildon, who wrote several bad plays, and abused Pope in various pamphlets.

164. slashing Bentley. Richard Bentley, the great scholar, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He edited Horace and several other Latin authors. His 'Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris' (1699), in which he proved the spuriousness of these productions, is a fine specimen of critical investigation. He is said to have offended Pope by a remark on his translation of Homer.

Tibalds. Lewis Theobald, the original hero of the 'Dunciad,' criticised Pope's edition of Shakespeare in a book entitled 'Shakespeare Restored, or a Specimen of the many Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr Pope in his late edition of this Poet.'

168. in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name. Bentley's edition of 'Paradise Lost' (1732) was full of blunders in emendation. In fact, he treated the poem after the manner of a corrupt Greek text.

Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was a praiseworthy work containing many brilliant emendations. Cf. 'Dunciad,' i. 133—

"There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibald sore, Wished he had blotted for himself before."

169, 170. Perhaps suggested by two lines in a sonnet by Walsh—

"Embalmed in verse, through distant times they come, Preserved, like bees, within an amber tomb."

179. pilfered pastorals. Philips' 'Pastorals' were an imitation of Spenser's, but were no more "pilfered" than Pope's own.

renown is seldom used as a verb, but it occurs several

times in Dryden.

180. a Persian tale. "Philips translated a book called the 'Persian Tales,' a book full of fancy and imagination" (Pope). He refers to the 'Contes Persans' or 'Les Mille et un Jours' of Petis De La Croix, a famous French orientalist (1653-1713). An abridged specimen of these Tales will be found in 'Spectator,' No. 578. "A crime indeed," Theobald remarked; "for it is not the virtue of all men to deal in five-guinea subscriptions."

187. fustian, a kind of coarse cotton cloth; here, a pompous and unnatural style of writing. The word is derived from

Fostat, a suburb of Cairo, in Egypt.

190. Tate. Nahum Tate succeeded Shadwell as Poetlaureate in 1692. He is best known as the author, along with Brady, of a version of the Psalms. He wrote a continuation of Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

193-214. These lines were written by the year 1716 and printed as a fragment in the Miscellanies of 1727, with the name "Addison" in place of "Atticus," and following 1. 208 these two lines—

"Who when two wits on rival themes contest, Approves of both, but likes the worst the best"—

which could refer only to Addison's conduct in regard to the two rival translations of the 'Iliad.' Pope maintained that

he had shown the lines to Addison, and manipulated his correspondence so as to help out the assertion.

198. This comes originally from Bacon, 'De Aug. Scient.'

iii., and through Lord Orrery and Denham to Pope.

201. damn with faint praise. Probably from Wycherley, Prologue to the 'Plain Dealer'—

"And with faint praises one another damn."

211. Templars, gentlemen from the Inns of Court. raise, applaud.

215. stood rubric on the walls. Booksellers put up the titles of books in red letters on "Fleet Street posts." Cf. 'Dunciad,' i. 41—

"Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post."

218. "Hopkins in the 104th Psalm" (Pope).

- 222. George II. did not appreciate literature. He told Lord Hervey that it did not become a man of his rank to make verses; that he ought to leave such things to "the little man Pope."
 - 226. Cf. 'Essay on Criticism,' l. 417.

230. Bufo, Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax.

Castalian state, poetry. Castalia was a fountain on Parnassus, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

231. forkèd hill, Parnassus, which has two peaks. The phrase occurs in Butler, 'Hudibras,' Part i.

232, 233. By Addison, Steele, and others.

236. "Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c." (Pope).

245. Halifax and Prior had satirised 'The Hind and the Panther' in 'The Town and Country Mouse.'

248. Halifax offered to pay the expenses of Dryden's funeral, and of a monument to his memory.

256. Gay. John Gay (1688-1732) wrote 'The Beggar's Opera' and 'Trivia,' but is perhaps best known by his 'Fables' and songs, especially 'Black-eyed Susan.' He was a goodnatured indolent man, and it cannot be said that his merits were unrecognised. He spent the last years of his life in the house of the Duke of Queensbury.

258. tell it on his tomb. Gay was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Pope wrote his epitaph.

269, 270. This is another piece of insincerity on Pope's part.

His poetry did disturb his slumbers, and every squib written against him gave him the keenest torture.

280. Sir Will., Sir William Yonge.

Bubo. George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, the friend of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the author of a Diary, and a patron of letters.

283-304. If Pope believed all this, he was an adept in the art of self-deception. Contrast with this smug complacency Dryden's lines in the 'Elegy on Anne Killigrew':—

"O gracious God! how far have we Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy! Made prostitute and profligate the Muse, Debased to each obscene and impious use, Whose harmony was first ordained above, For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!"

299, 300. "Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste" (Pope). The reference is to two lines in the description of Timon's Villa in 'Moral Essays,' iv. 141, 149:—

"And now the chapel's silver bell you hear";

"To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite."

Pope was accused of having satirised the arrangements of the Duke of Chandos' seat of Canons, near Harrow. He wrote to the Duke exculpating himself, and the Duke received his explanation. In gratitude Pope inserted the following line in the first 'Moral Essay'—

"Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight."

305. Sporus. Lord Hervey, author of 'Memoirs of the Reign of George II.,' an adherent of Walpole's, and Vice-Chamberlain to George II. To several attacks made upon him by Pope, Hervey retorted in 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace,' which called forth Pope's prose 'Letter to a Noble Lord.' Sporus was one of Nero's favourites. Pope originally wrote "Paris."

306. white curd of ass's milk. "Lord Hervey, to prevent the attacks of an epilepsy, persisted in a strict regimen of daily food, which was a small quantity of ass's milk and a flour biscuit, with an apple once a-week; and he used a little

paint to soften his ghastly appearance" (Warburton). His appearance is referred to in 'Dunciad,' iv. 103-

"Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power, Looked a white lily sunk beneath a shower."

308. a wheel. Warton points out that "the wheel" would be more correct.

319. Alluding to Milton, 'Paradise Lost,' iv. 800:-

"Him there they found Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve."

"Eve" stands for Queen Caroline.

323-325. In his introduction to Hervey's 'Memoirs,' Croker says that the only trait in the whole character that is not false or overdone is Hervey's love of antithesis.

330, 331. In Rabbinical or Jewish tradition, perhaps, and in early art certainly, the Tempter was represented with a

human head.

340, 341. Another allusion to the distinction between his earlier and his later work.

343. stood, withstood.

350. the lie so oft o'erthrown. "As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespeare, that he set his name to Mr Broome's verses, &c., which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the 'Nobleman's Epistle'" (Pope).

351. the imputed trash. "Such as profane Psalms, Court Poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by

Curll and others" (Warburton).

353. His person was libelled by Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and his figure was caricatured by Hogarth and others.

354. In a note on this line Pope mentions abuse heaped on many influential friends, "his parents, and his very nurse."

363. Japhet in a jail. Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of his nose and ears for forgery. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' iii. 86—

"What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs; To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?"

365. knight of the post. Men, called in Butler's 'Hudibras' "Knights of the Post," waited near the Courts, ready to swear anything for money.

365. or of the shire. "Knight of the Shire" was the old title of a member of Parliament who represented a county.

369. This refers to his admiration for Lady Mary.

- 371. friend to his distress. When Dennis was old and poor, the 'Provoked Husband' was played at Haymarket for his benefit, and Pope obliged with a Prologue in which he did not forget to sneer.
- 374. did he once reply? He was busily preparing the 'Dunciad,' in which he paid off all scores.
- 375. Welsted's lie. "This man had the impudence to tell in print that Mr P. had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos" (Pope).

376. Mr Courthope thinks this must refer to Teresa Blount.

378. I.e., he allowed Budgell to charge him with contributing to the Grub Street Journal. Budgell was a relative of Addison, at one time Under Secretary of State, and contributed to the 'Spectator' essays signed X.

379. except his will. Budgell was believed to have forged a will by Dr Matthew Tindal, author of 'Christianity as Old as

the Creation.'

380. the two Curlls, the bookseller and Lord Hervey, who both ridiculed his deformity and his birth.

388. of gentle blood. Pope claimed to be connected, on the father's side, with the Earls of Downe; but the claim, though probable enough, has not been proved.

part shed in honour's cause. One of the Turners of Yorkshire, from whom his mother was descended, was killed on the Royalist side in the Civil War.

391. Bestia. Supposed to be Horace Walpole the elder.

393. Referring to Dryden and Addison. But their domestic unhappiness has not been clearly proved.

397. nor dared an oath. As a Catholic he would not take

the oaths necessary for holders of public offices.

406-413. In their original form these lines were sent in a letter to Aaron Hill, 3rd September 1731. They were polished for this poem after his mother's death. But Pattison is not quite right in saying that "the lines as originally conceived had another subject." Pope was condoling with Hill on the loss of his wife, and the lines partly referred to his mother, and partly expressed a wish regarding his own end.

417. On the death of Queen Anne Arbuthnot lost his post

of Court physician.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTUS.

The king was baptised as George Augustus.

1-30. The whole of this prologue is bitterly sarcastic.

- 2. open all the main, the Spanish main, or South America and the adjacent islands. English merchants complained of being prohibited from carrying on a smuggling trade with Spanish colonies.
- 3. abroad. George II. was accused of thinking more about Hanover than about England.

7. Edward and Henry, Edward III. and Henry V.

17. Alcides, Hercules. Pope follows Horace, but with little propriety after the mention of English historical characters.

19-22. This is one of the passages in which Pope is much

superior to his original.

- 38. beastly Skelton. John Skelton (1460-1529) seems to have been rather the Laureate of Oxford than, as Pope says in a note, to Henry VIII. His works were chiefly satirical, and in one, 'Why come ye nat to Courte,' he attacked Cardinal Wolsey. His most generally known poem is the elegy of 'Phyllyp Sparowe.' "Beastly" is a haphazard and misleading epithet.
- 40. Christ's Kirk o' the Green. This Scottish poem is generally attributed to James V., but there is no absolute proof of authorship. Some authorities assign it to James I.

42. met him at The Devil. Jonson presided over the Apollo Club at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street.

46-48. Horace has-

"Pingimus, atque Psallimus, et luctamur Achivis doctius unctis."

- 48. Pope hits at the craze of theatre-goers for acrobatic displays.
 - 54. immortalise, used intransitively, "to become immortal."
 - 62. by courtesy of England. In law this phrase means that

a widower can claim his wife's estate, if she had issue born alive.

63. the rule that made the horse-tail bare. In Horace-

"Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ, Paulatim vello."

This refers to the logical fallacy called Sorites (Gr. $\sigma\omega\rho\delta s$, a heap). By taking away year after year from a large number, it is impossible to fix the exact point at which the number ceased to be large. By taking hair after hair from a man's head, when can you be said to make him bald?

66. Stowe. John Stowe (1525-1605) was a diligent chronicler, whose 'Survey' is the basis of all histories of London. Pope refers to his 'Annals of England,' which, however, takes little notice of literary matters. Through Stowe's efforts a new edition of Chaucer was published in 1561.

73, 74. This is not the case. Jonson worked hard for fame, and was irritated by popular censure.

75. Cowley. Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) was the chief of the "metaphysical" school of poetry. He wrote an epic called 'Davideis,' and by his so-called 'Pindarique Odes' may be said to have invented a form of composition.

81. "The poet has here put the bald cant of women and boys into extreme fine verse. This is in strict imitation of his original, where the same impertinent and gratuitous criticism is admirably ridiculed" (Pope).

82, 83. This contrast is found in 'Dunciad,' ii. 223, and similar sentiments are expressed by Milton, Denham, Churchill, and Johnson. Dr Johnson's 'Prologue Spoken at Opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 1747,' contains some of his best lines:—

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose:
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impressed,
And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assailed the heart."

DITUILL TO AUGUSTUS.

84. Mr Ward says that out of fifty-one plays, Beaumont can

only be proved to have had part in seventeen.

85. Shadwell. Thomas Shadwell (1640-1692), Poet-laureate, has been immortalised in Dryden's 'MacFlecknoe.' His plays are full of indeceny, humour, and eccentricity.

Wycherley. William Wycherley (1640-1715) wrote several comedies, of which the most successful was the 'Plain Dealer.' Pope told Spence that this play was written in three weeks.

86. Southern. Thomas Southerne (1660-1746) wrote 'The Fatal Marriage' and 'Oroonoko,' which remained favourites

for long.

Rowe. Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), Poet-laureate, editor of Shakespeare and translator of Lucan, is best known as the author of two plays, 'The Fair Penitent' and 'Jane Shore.' For the latter, Pope wrote an epilogue which was never spoken.

88. Heywood. John Heywood (?-1565) wrote 'Interludes,' which laid the foundation of English secular comedy. He must not be confounded with Thomas, the Elizabethan dramatist.

90. In Horace-

"Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat."

Compare the estimate of contemporary popular opinion in the 'Essay on Criticism.'

91. Gammer Gurton. 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' of uncertain authorship, is, next to 'Ralph Roister Doister,' the oldest specimen of English comedy.

92. the Careless Husband. This play of Cibber's was popu-

lar for a whole century.

97. Ben Jonson says that Spenser "writ no language," and Daniel writes sarcastically of those who

"Sing of knights and Palladines In aged accents and untimely words."

98. Sidney scattered through the 'Arcadia' specimens of classical metres—hexameters, elegiacs, sapphics, hendecasyllabics, asclepiads, &c. They are interesting as experiments, but have no poetical value.

100. Dryden says Milton runs into a flat thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, "but 'tis when he is got into

a track of Scripture."

101, 102. See 'Paradise Lost,' Bks. iii., vi.

104. Cf. 'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot,' l. 164, and 'Dunciad,' iv. 194. "Hook" may have a double meaning—a bill-hook, or a bracket for enclosing spurious words. In the original, Horace is speaking of a former teacher, Orbilius, and calls him "plagosum," in reference to his flogging powers.

105, 106. This aims at Lord Hervey, who, in his 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity,' had spoken depreciatingly of a classi-

cal education.

108. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 11. 362, 363.

109. Sprat. Thomas Sprat was Bishop of Rochester and a member of the Royal Society. His verses have not lived.

Carew. Thomas Carew (1598-1639) wrote a masque called 'Cœlum Britannicum,' but is remembered by a few charming lyrics.

Sedley. Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701), a licentious favourite of Charles II., wrote a comedy, 'The Mulberry Garden,' once famous. Several of his songs may still be read with pleasure.

110. the Miscellanies, collections of minor pieces by popular poets.

119, 120. The reference is to some remarks made by Pope on Shakespeare, in the preface to his edition.

Garrick of the seventeenth century. Pope, when a boy, was introduced to him, and did his picture in oils. Hamlet was his masterpiece. If he is to be judged by Cibber's description of him in his 'Apology,' Pope's praise is not extravagant.

of Betterton. He acted Cato when Addison's play was first produced. He committed the unpardonable sin of criticising Pope, calling 'Windsor Forest' "a wretched rhapsody."

132. Merlin's prophecy. A collection of Prophecies purporting to be by Merlin were translated from the Latin, and

published by Thomas Heywood in 1641.

142. "A verse of the Lord Lansdowne" (Pope).

147, 148. Cf. Dryden, 'The Hind and the Panther,' Part iii. 188-190-

"Their soft and yielding metals run with ease; They melt and take the figure of the mould, But harden and preserve it best in gold." but came to England in 1641. He painted Charles I., Cromwell, and many Court beauties.

animated canvas. Cf. Dryden, 'To Sir Godfrey Kneller'-

- "And from their animated canvas came, Demanding souls, and loosened from the frame."
- 153, 154. "The 'Siege of Rhodes' (1656), by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England" (Pope).

155-160. These lines have no connection with the argument. 169, 170. In Horace—

"Mutavit mentem populus levis, et calet uno Scribendi studio."

175-180. This is not altogether affectation on Pope's part; he is merely following Horace—

- "Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus, Invenior Parthis mendacior; et prius orto Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco."
- 182. Ward, "a famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time" (Pope).
- 183. Radcliff's doctors. Dr John Radcliffe founded Fellowships in University College, Oxford, the holders of which had to travel for some years on the Continent. This is evidently the gentleman whom Prior has commemorated in his 'Remedy Worse than the Disease':—

"I sent for Radcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician."

- 186. Ripley was befriended by Walpole, and built some public buildings. Cf. 'Moral Essays,' iv. 18—
 - "Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool, And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule."

195. flight of cashiers or mobs. Knight, the cashier of the South Sea Company, fled to France. "Mobs" may refer to the crowd which broke Pope's windows. He originally wrote "fires," following Horace's "fugas servorum, incendia ridet."

197. Bowles says this refers to one Peter Walter, who

cheated Mr George Pitt in the management of his estates.

204. "Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (non bene relicta parmula) in the battle of Philippi" (Pope).

214. Roscommon. See note on 'Essay on Criticism,' 725.

215. excuse some courtly stains. Warburton says this refers to some lines in Addison's poem, 'To H.R.H. The Princess of Wales,' in which he asserts that his "Cato" had a political and party meaning, whereas he had objected to the words "Britons, arise!" in Pope's Prologue to that play.

221-224. Referring to 'Drapier's Letters' and several pamphlets by Swift. For 1. 224 Pope was threatened with prose-

cution.

226. "A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor by lending small sums of money on demand" (Pope).

229-240. In the original, Horace is perfectly serious in enum-

erating the services rendered by poetry to religion.

230. Hopkins, and Sternhold. A translation of the Psalms which passes under their names, but which includes the work of several others, was published in 1562. Dryden's ridicule is more patent—'Absalom and Achitophel,' Part ii. 403—

"Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated, Who rhyme below even David's psalms translated."

240. Cf. Dryden, 'Britannia Rediviva,' 1. 34-

"Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence Drawn down from heaven";

Matthew Green, 'Sat.,' v. 240-

"Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care."

241-262. Through a desire to keep close to his original,

Pope makes the mistake of representing English satire as a product of the soil in the same sense as the Roman.

263, 264. In Horace-

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes Intulit agresti Latio."

Pope's parallel fails, because French influence on English literature was at its greatest, not when England came nearest to conquering France, but when English kings were the creatures of Louis XIV.

267. Waller was smooth. Cf. 'Essay on Criticism,' 1. 360. 267-269. Cf. Gray, 'Progress of Poesy'—

"Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car

Wide o'er the fields of glory bear

Two coursers of ethereal race,

With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace."

Note that 1. 269 is an alexandrine.

274. Racine (1638-1699) and Corneille (1606-1684) were often translated and adopted by our Restoration dramatists.

277. Otway. Thomas Otway (1652-1685) is best known by his two plays, 'The Orphan' and 'Venice Preserved,' which abound in passion and tenderness but are slovenly in diction and metre, which is the point of Pope's criticism.

279. Referring to the remark of Ben Jonson in 'Discoveries': "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted a thousand!'"

280, 281. Johnson blames Dryden for his laziness and impatience in not revising at his leisure what he wrote hastily from necessity.

287. Congreve's fools. Congreve has no fools, in the Shake-spearian sense. But while his characters have a superabundance of wit, they have little of nature.

288. Farquhar. George Farquhar (1678-1707) was the author of several successful plays, the best of which is 'The Beaux' Stratagem.'

289. Van. Sir John Vanbrugh (1666-1726), the architect of Blenheim and many country mansions, was also a dramatist.

His best-known plays are 'The Relapsed' and 'The Provoked Husband.' Judged by his plays, Vanbrugh had certainly a lack of "grace" in a moral sense, but Pope probably refers to his heavy style.

290. Astræa, a name taken by Mrs Aphra Behn, who wrote

many successful plays, all more or less indecorous.

293. poor Pinky, William Pinkethman, a comedian. In 'Tatler,' No. 188, he is said to devour "a cold chick with great applause." Cibber gives an account of him in his 'Apology.'

309. the black-joke. There was a popular song called 'The

Coal-black Joke.'

312. "From plays to operas, and from operas to panto-

mimes" (Warburton).

- 318. At the coronation of Henry VIII., and again at the accession of George II. in 1727, a coronation spectacle was brought out on the stage, royal armour being borrowed from the Tower.
- 320. Democritus, a Greek philosopher of Abdera in Thrace who developed the atomic theory; is commonly known as "the laughing philosopher."

328. Orcas' stormy steep. "The farthest northern promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades" (Pope). Wolves were all but extinct in Scotland by this time.

331. Quin's high plume. James Quin (1693-1766) was the predecessor of Garrick on the English stage. In the 'Castle of Indolence,' Thomson, to whom he had been kind, calls him "the Æsopus of the age." His character and talents are described in Churchill's 'Rosciad,' ll. 921-986.

Oldfield's petticoat. Mrs Oldfield was a popular comic actress who died in 1730.

- 348. this part of the poetic state, the drama.
- 355. Merlin's Cave. Queen Caroline had a cave erected in Richmond Gardens which contained a small library. Pope's works were not included.
- 375. "Boileau was associated with Racine for the purpose of writing the glories of Louis XIV.th's reign in October 1677" (Pattison).
- 378, 379. This is a hit at Sir Robert Walpole, who in 1730 had chosen Cibber for the laureateship.
 - 381. Bernini's care. Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini (1598-1680)

gained fame as painter, sculptor, and architect in Italy, France, and England. He executed a bust of Charles I. from portraits by Vandyke.

382, 383. Sir Godfrey Kneller (1646-1723), a native of Lübeck, established himself in London and soon eclipsed Lely. He painted William III. on horseback. He was celebrated by

Dryden, and his epitaph was written by Pope.

387. William III. knighted Blackmore for his medical skill, not for his poetry. Francis Quarles (1592-1644), the author of 'Emblems Divine and Moral,' was popular in his own time for his coarse satirical verses on the Puritans. This line is the sole known authority for the fact of his being pensioned.

388, 389. There is no record of any such saying on the part of Ben Jonson or of its quotation by Dennis. Pope may have stated a likelihood as a fact. It is at least important to remember that Pope's Russian corresponds to Horace's Bœotian dulness—

"Bœotûm in crasso jurares aëre natum"-

and we may also remember Shakespeare's "rugged Russian bear" and Dryden's "Muscovite monsters."

396. what fields you fought. Dettingen had not been fought when Pope wrote.

397. This is a sneer at Walpole's methods of maintaining peace.

410, 411. These lines are much superior to the original.

413. This line is a misquotation from a poem, 'The Celebrated Beauties,' in Tonson's Miscellany of 1709. The original is—

"Praise undeserved is satire in disguise."

417. Eusden. Laurence Eusden was Poet-laureate before Cibber. He lives here and in the 'Dunciad,' not in his works.

Philips wrote an ode to Walpole.

Settle. Elkanah Settle was city poet, and had to write panegyrics on the Lord Mayors. He is gibbeted as "Doeg" in Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and is mentioned in 'Dunciad,' i. 90—

"Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er, But lived in Settle's numbers one day more."

419. Soho. Not Soho Square but Wardour Street, or Old Soho.

APPENDIX.

POPE'S RHYMES.

POPE was not scrupulously "correct" in matters of rhyme, but he was not quite so careless as one may be apt to imagine. It is a fact that English vowel-sounds have been so modified in course of time that our modern spelling gives a very uncertain clue to the pronunciation. The vowel-sounds expressed by our symbols were once quite in agreement with the Continental system; now they are not. The Anglo-Saxon long e (e) was sounded as in Italian or in French; it is now sounded as ee-e.g., stel has become steel. Similarly the Anglo-Saxon long i (1) was sounded as ee; it is now sounded as ah-ee-e.g., is has become ice. The sounds denoted by Anglo-Saxon áe, éa, and éo, as in máel, gléam, séo, have been replaced by the ee sound,-meal, gleam, see. While the Anglo-Saxon sáe was written in Middle English as see, the pronunciation remained the same. We now spell it sea and pronounce it see, as we do In the same way words from the French, such as the verb. complete and please, kept for a time their original pronunciation, and then the é sound became ee.1

By Pope's time the sound-shifting had very nearly gone full circle, but there were a few anomalies. Dr Johnson is recorded by Boswell to have once remarked: "When I published the plan for my Dictionary (1747), Lord Chesterfield told me that the word great should be pronounced so as to rhyme to state;

¹ The subject is fully treated in such works as Skeat's 'Principles of English Etymology,' Sweet's 'History of English Sounds,' and Ellis's 'Early English Pronunciation.'

and Sir William Yonge sent me word that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to seat, and that none but an Irishman would pronounce it grait." Grait, however, it has remained, while so many words containing -ea have changed. In the time of Pope many words containing ea, ei (and possibly ee), ete, eme, &c., seem to have been pronounced in Irish fashion, as some Irishmen make easy aisy, receive recaive, sweet swate, complete complate, &c. If we compare the works of Dryden, Pope, Swift, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Cowper, we find the anomalies decreasing. While nature and creature was a good rhyme to Dryden and Goldsmith, it was not so to Cowper.

From Dryden we can learn certain facts which may help us to acquit Pope of utter carelessness in rhyming. In Dryden's 'The Flower and the Leaf,' ll. 360, 361 stand thus:—

"A tuft of daisies on a flowery lea They saw, and thitherward they bent their way."

But in the folio edition lea is spelt lay, showing the pronunciation and saving the rhyme. Conversely, in Dryden and Lee's 'Œdipus,' the verb flay is spelt flea. Sea is in Dryden perhaps always pronounced say, and in 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' l. 612, sea, weigh, and key (which we now spell quay) all rhyme. We are therefore prepared to find in this writer rhymes like appear—where, appeal—rebel, hear—air, dear—care. And we might also infer that some French words kept their original pronunciation when we find theme—beam, and theme—dream, supported as they are, though roughly, by extreme—stem, supreme—them.

Dryden's treatment of the French word mine, "look," is instructive. This word is now printed mien in all editions. But in one edition of 1659, in the 'Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell,' it was spelt mine to rhyme with shine, whereas in 'The Hind and the Panther,' i. 33, it was written meen to rhyme with seen.

Further, in Dryden oi must be pronounced ah-ee, as we constantly find such rhymes as join—Rhine, design—join, spoil—beguile, smiles—toils, proving that what is now provincial and vulgar was not always so. Serve, swerve, and deserve were pronounced sarve, swarve, and desarve, and rhymed with starve, which was sometimes printed sterve.

For the sound of ea in Pope, the best known quotation is 'The Rape of the Lock,' iii. 7, 8—

"Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey, Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea."

Which is supported by i. 61, 62-

"Soft yielding minds to water glide away, And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea."

One of Cowper's Olney Hymns opens thus-

"God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform;

He plants His footsteps in the sea,

And rides upon the storm.

The rhyme way—sea has been quoted as evidence of the pronunciation of Cowper's time. But way—sea here may be no more a good rhyme than fast—taste in the fifth verse of the same hymn. Cowper was really very careless in his rhymes. Of course, where sea rhymes with a word containing ea nothing can be proved, but in the great majority of clear cases sea must in Cowper be pronounced see. On the other hand, to find Pope rhyming sea—be is exceptional, and see—sea, which is found once at least, is very bad.

The following rhymes, and others of a like character found in this volume, may therefore be passed as good in Pope's time, though bad now:—

- 1. Appears—bears, cheat—great, speaks—makes—breaks.
- Bear—sphere, sphere—fair, everywhere—sincere, great complete, Lucrece—race, extreme—phlegm.
- 3. Joined-find, join-line-divine.
- 4. Desert—heart, reserve—starve.
- 5. Fault—thought. The mute l in fault is as well attested as the mute b in debt, and for the same reason.

The following are probably good rhymes: Prove—love (loove), cowl—fool, food—blood, good—blood, worn—turn, besieged—obliged, safe—laugh, nice—caprice. Rome—doom could be supported by Shakespeare, and Rome is still pronounced Room by country people in some parts of Scotland. But we also find in Pope dome—Rome.

The following are pure eye rhymes: Own-town, revivelive, brow-grow, divine-Racine, know-now, forms-worms. These are but a few instances out of many.

Far too many of Pope's rhymes are quite indefensible, especially in a "correct" poet. The following are examples :-

'Essay on Criticism': take - track, delight - wit, steer character, appear-regular.

'Rape of the Lock': air-star, rows-billets-doux, adorespowers, remained-land.

'Essay on Man': ease-provinces, road-God, ill-principle, preferred-guard, knave-have.

'Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot': first-burst, spells - syllables, break-crack.

'Epistle to Augustus': warm-form, peal-syllable.

Pope occasionally broke one of the rules of versification laid down for himself in a letter to Henry Cromwell of Nov. 25, 1710: "The repeating the same rhymes within four or six lines of each other, which tire the ear with too much of the like sound." Identical rhymes appear too close together, and when the rhymes are not identical the same vowel-sounds often recur. Instances will be found in the 'Essay on Man,' iv. 315-326 and 327-348; in 'The Rape of the Lock,' v. 73-78, 99-102; and in many other places. But Pope was far more fastidious in varying the vowel-sounds throughout the line. In fact, this is one of the features of versification in which he excels Dryden. It would be difficult to find in Pope anything like this from Dryden's Epistle 'To my Honoured Kinsman, John Driden':-

> "Praiseworthy actions are by thee embraced, And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last."

